THE LAW ABIDING MAN *by* BEN AMES WILLIAMS

MAY 4, 1935

Liberty

5¢

NRA CODE

I FLEW for the HELL of It

A HAIR-RAISING FACT STORY

CARL PFEUFER

The fame of its roast 'possum and fragrant juleps was known throughout the Blue Grass country

On clear moonlight nights, the guests of that fine old Crab Orchard Springs Hotel often pricked up their ears as the deep baying of 'coon dogs floated in over the Kentucky hills. They knew what it meant, and smiled in happy anticipation—for when local hunters treed a 'possum, you could expect next day a meal famous all the way from Lookout Mountain to Louisville.

But there was more than good old-fashioned Southern cooking to draw gentlefolk to that famous hostelry down in Kentucky, and to the more than locally famous waters of the nearby limestone spring.

One thing upon which every Southern gentleman of the day prided himself was his judgment of bourbon. So the local hotel sought far and wide for something to please the critical palates of its guests, and found a whiskey, made up Louisville way, that came to be called Crab Orchard.

In those early days, that rich red bourbon didn't even have a label. It wasn't put up in bottles. They bought it by the barrel—and you were lucky indeed if they let you, as a special favor, carry a jug or two away.

And thus, the old Crab Orchard Springs Hotel spread its reputation for the exquisite food and mellow whiskey to be found there.

But more than sixty years rolled by before the whiskey labeled and bottled with the name Crab Orchard suddenly burst into nationwide fame.

Prohibition had come and gone. People were searching for something hard to find. They wanted a straight whiskey—made the good old-fashioned way—and they wanted a low price. Crab Orchard filled all three wants so accurately that it became *America's fastest-selling straight whiskey.*

Kentucky straight whiskey

Made the good old-fashioned way

Smooth and satisfying to taste

Sold at a price anyone can pay

A good guide to good whiskey

Crab Orchard

AMERICA'S FASTEST-SELLING STRAIGHT WHISKEY

© 1935, The American Medicinal Spirits Corporation, Louisville, Ky.

AN ARTIST—

with a taste for the FINER THINGS

BERNARD BOUTET DE MONVEL classes Listerine Tooth Paste among his Luxuries—*yet it costs but* 25 *cents*

CERTAINLY no mere matter of price would influence the judgment of a man accustomed to the luxuries of living in the social capitals of the world. Why then should M. de Monvel prefer Listerine Tooth Paste? The answer is simple: RESULTS—definite and long-lasting.

Literally hundreds of thousands of critical men and women agree with the brilliant artist when he says: "I have used many fine dentifrices but none, to my mind, equals the high quality of Listerine Tooth Paste, which leaves the mouth with such a fresh clean feeling."

Try It Yourself

For your own satisfaction, compare Listerine Tooth Paste with any paste at any price. We would like to have you find out for yourself how honestly it lives up to the fine old standards of the house behind it.

See how quickly and thoroughly it cleans teeth—with a minimum of brushing.

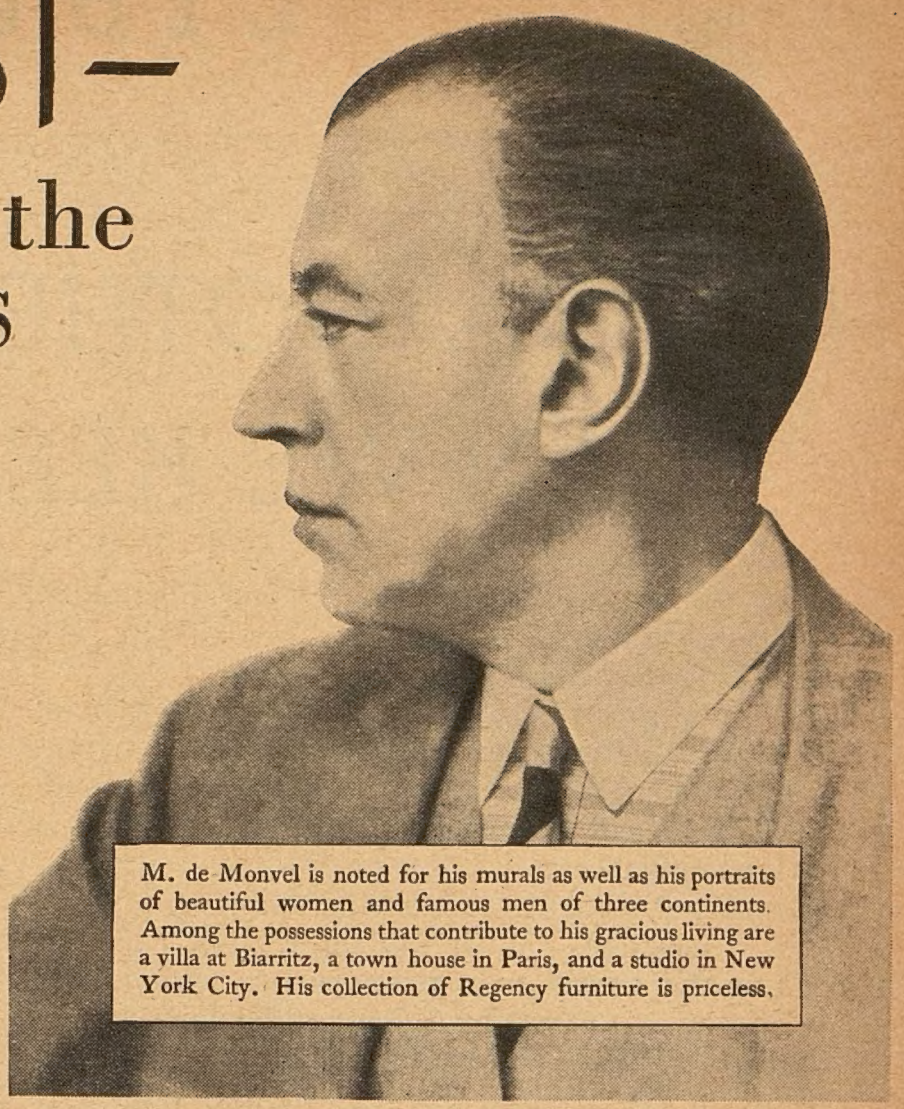
Note the wonderful sheen and lustre of tooth enamel after its use.

See how effectively it attacks tartar, film and discolorations—particularly those left by smoking.

Look for that wonderful feeling of mouth freshness it gives—like that of Listerine itself.

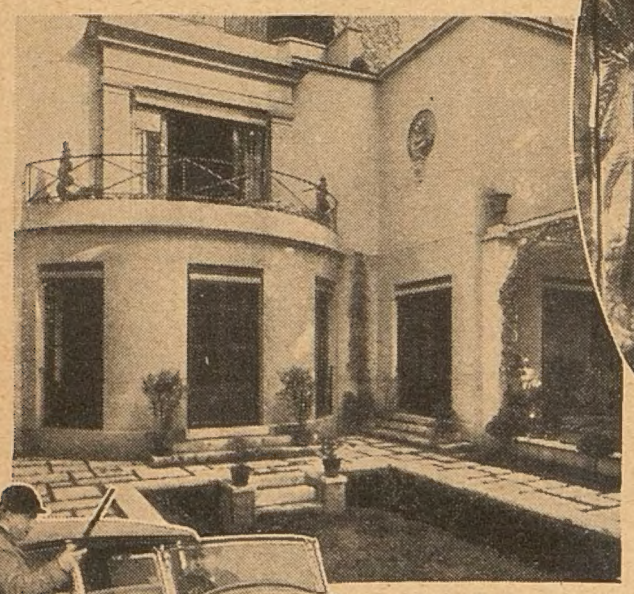
Get a tube at your nearest store today. In two sizes: regular large size, 25¢; giant size, 40¢.

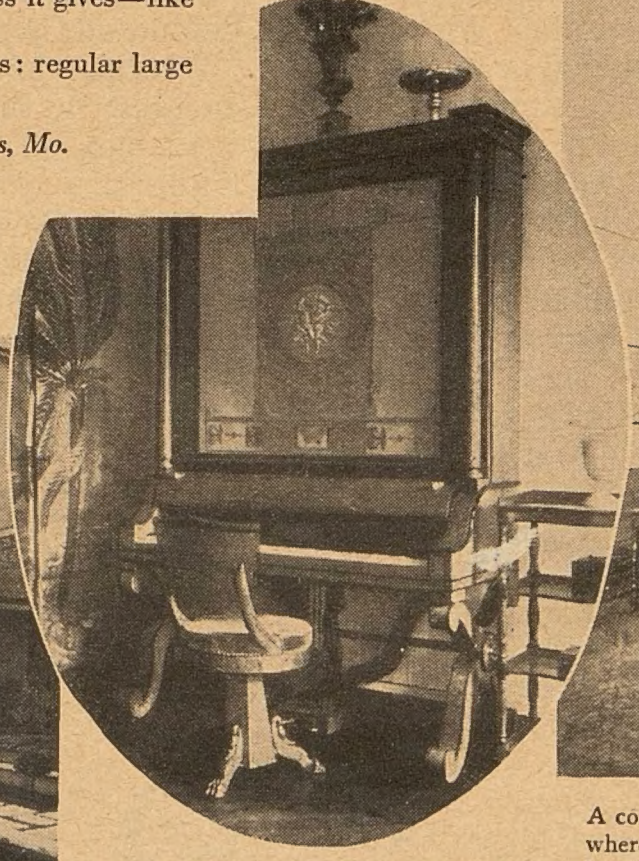
LAMBERT PHARMACAL COMPANY, *St. Louis, Mo.*



M. de Monvel is noted for his murals as well as his portraits of beautiful women and famous men of three continents. Among the possessions that contribute to his gracious living are a villa at Biarritz, a town house in Paris, and a studio in New York City. His collection of Regency furniture is priceless.

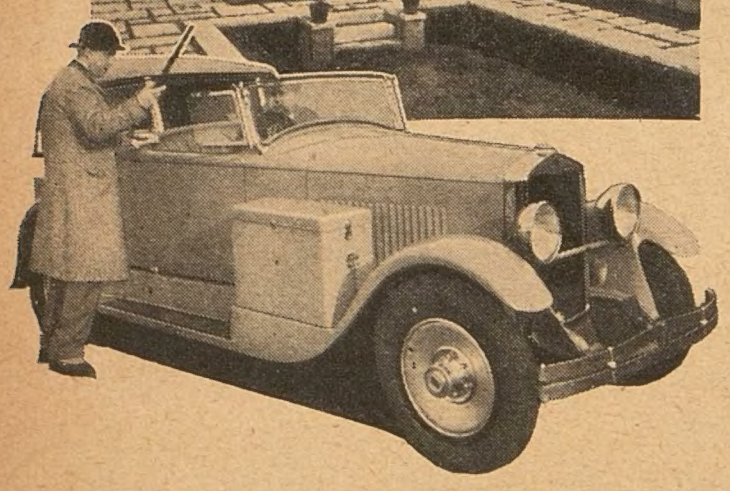
(*below*) The *petit jardin* of the Paris home, noted for its beautiful modern furnishings and its collection of *objets d'art*.





Some of the exquisite Empire pieces in the artist's exceptional collection of antiques. Note the rare Biedermeier piano with its commanding height and delicate decorations.

A corner of the studio in the New York house where much of M. de Monvel's work is done In this studio many of the murals which won him fame, were completed. One of the artist's sketches can be seen on the easel at the right.



Passers-by on Park Ave. in New York City seldom fail to turn for a glance at M. de Monvel's unusual town car designed by him, and built especially to his specifications.

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MAY 4, 1935

Liberty

VOL. 12, NO. 18

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HITLER—ANOTHER WORLD WAR—CAN WE KEEP OUT OF IT?

THE firebrand of Europe is lighting his torch. The flaming horrors of another World War look ominously threatening.

Hitler maintains that the peace of the world, which at the conclusion of the World War was promised to be eternal, cannot possibly be maintained, and that Germany should be prepared to fight for its national existence.

Perhaps he is right, at least as far as his viewpoint is concerned. With the impending clash of arms and the hectic war preparation which now exists in every country throughout all Europe, Hitler can hardly be blamed for desiring the protection necessary to the life and liberties of his people.

But everywhere in this country we find a definite determination to keep out of another World War. Our experience in the last war was a lesson to us that will never be forgotten. We were "too proud to fight" in the beginning. President Wilson's memorable slogan was ridiculed throughout all Europe. It was interpreted at that time to mean we were afraid to fight; that we lacked courage; that we were so engrossed in the art of piling up dollars that we were unable to look at the bigger and broader things of life.

But the time came when our national pride was aroused. We did not want our flag trampled on. We desired the respect of the world as a nation. We could not afford to allow the warring nations to sink our ships, to destroy our commerce and murder our citizens.

And if another World War should come upon us—and it looks to be almost a certainty—just how much of such violence will we tolerate?

We would all like to keep out of another World War. We would all like to feel that we are isolated, that we should not in any way be affected by the embroilment of Europe. But if we have any national pride, if we want our country to be respected, there will be fierce resentment when our flag is trampled on, when the international rights of our citizens are brutally ignored.

It will indeed be difficult to keep out of another war. The anger of our countrymen will be aroused to a white heat, just as it was in the former World War.

The time will come in the fury of a new World War when the people of this country cannot ignore further insults.

And that means we must be prepared for war. The "peace at any price" advocates have a powerful lobby at Washington. A great many citizens of this country would like to make our nation powerless, put us in a position where we are unable to defend ourselves.

Trained lobbyists have been at work continuously with this end in view. And at this time such men should be looked up and dealt with as traitors.

And furthermore, we should recognize that if we are not prepared for war the officials of the warring nations will have scant respect for us. They will give us little or no consideration in the various combats in which they will be engaged. But if we are prepared up to the hilt, if they know that should we enter the war we will be a mighty force, then there will be far less chance of our being compelled to enter such a conflict. And even those who desire peace—even with dishonor—if they have one atom of intelligence, will advocate that at this time at least we should make truly extraordinary efforts to prepare ourselves to become a nation of fighters on short notice.

Although preparations for war on some occasions may be intelligently combated, at such a time as this it might be termed a supreme folly, the price of which might be far beyond the colossal total of the cost of the last World War.

—BERNARR MACFADDEN.

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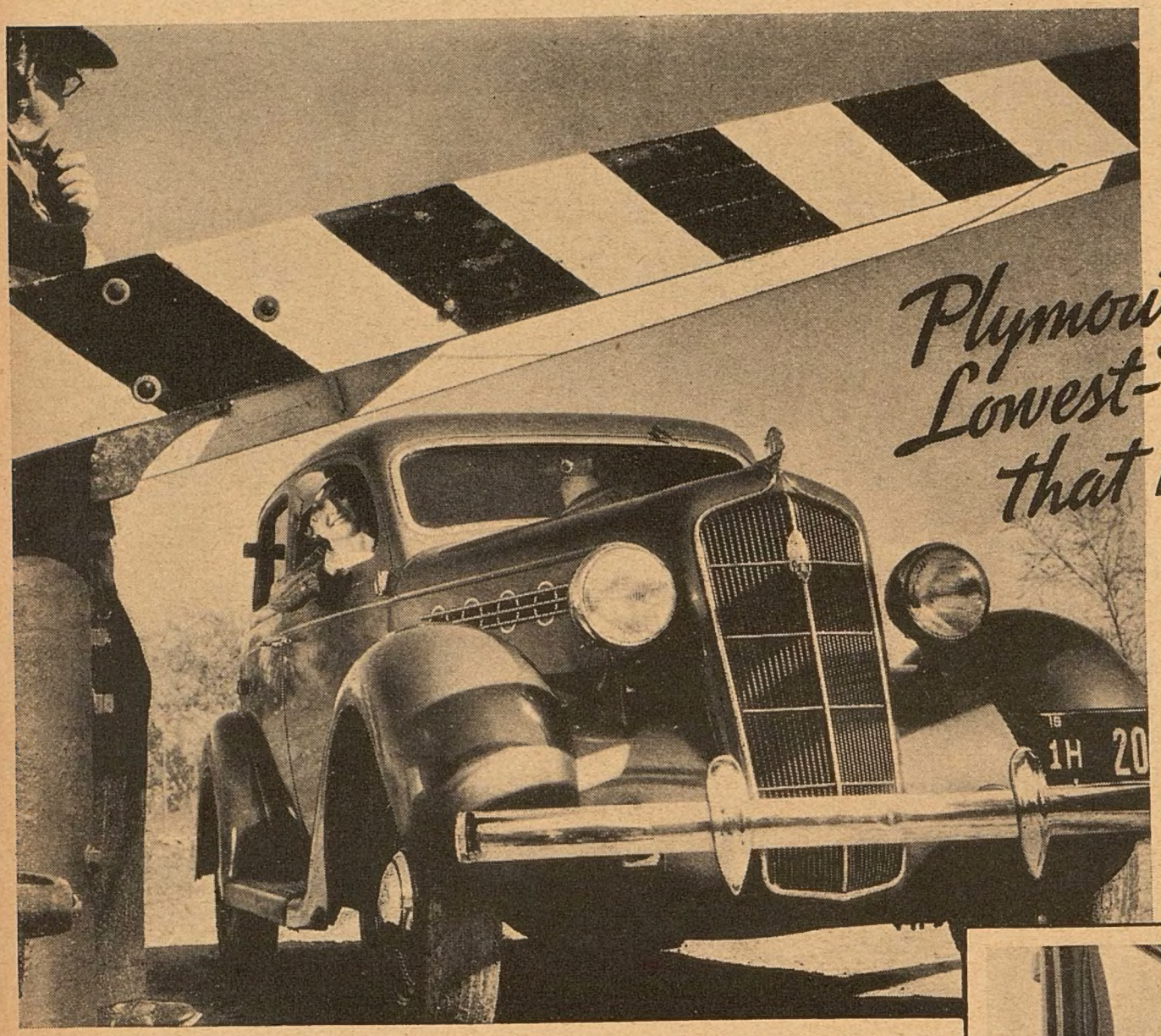
"HYDRAULIC BRAKES OK," SAYS AMERICA!



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You've never had such comfort in any low-priced car! New tapered leaf springs that are softer-acting eliminate the bumps. A new sway eliminator, in *front*, holds you steady, keeps you safer, on the curves.

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(*Above*) RELAX..REST! You've never had such comfort as Plymouth's "Floating Ride"..back seat rides as smoothly as the front..no jolting.

(*Left*) THAT'S SOLID STEEL. Plymouth's beautiful streamlined body is all-steel . . . reinforced with steel . . . throughout. It's safer!

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AND UP, LIST AT FACTORY, DETROIT

BEGINNING

A Hair-Raising Fact Story of Adventure in the Sky—the Daredevil Exploits of a Seeker of Thrills Who Faced Death with a Laugh in Two Hemispheres

by KENNETH BROWN COLLINGS

READING TIME
17 MINUTES 35 SECONDS

I FLEW for the

PART ONE—THE WAR WAS TOO SHORT!

IT was early winter of the war, toward the close of the course in the Marine officers' school at Quantico. I was standing in line with about twenty-five other would-be aviators outside Major Bradley's door.

The major was down from Washington to interview the candidates. He wanted six student aviators.

The first man inside was Cliff Arnold. The door opened and he stepped out. One glance at his hangdog countenance told me that he hadn't made the grade.

We all pounced on Cliff. "What did he ask you?"

"Only one thing. 'Arnold, why do *you* want to fly?'"

Cliff had given the wrong answer. He had spouted some highbrow stuff. The major said, "I'm sorry; I'm looking for a type; you're not it. Next."

It would soon be my turn. I had to think fast. The major was looking for a type. What type?

Fighting! That was the answer.

I cooked a story I thought he would like:

"Major, from what I've seen of this trench warfare, it's about one per cent fighting and ninety-nine per cent standing around in water up to your ears. I figure that I'll be killed in this war anyway, but if I get into aviation, at least I won't have to live in an aquarium while I'm waiting to get it in the neck."

"Fine," said the major. "You're the first man who has told me the truth. You're picked."

There were six of us on the train to Florida.

"How long will we be in ground school?" somebody asked.

hell of it

Barr limped into Dunkirk with Wershiner in a riddled plane. Both of them had been shot up.

ILLUSTRATION BY CLAYTON KNIGHT

"Oh, about six or seven months," somebody guessed.

The boys we left behind had been laying bets as to which ones among us would win our wings. I wasn't conceded a Chinaman's chance; but no one would bet against Jerry Walton. He was a born aviator; you could tell by the way he handled his underslung sport roadster.

There was Benny Cohen, known as the gamest little Jew in Quantico, Chuck Wilson, Tex Rogers, Harry Stovall, and myself. We arrived in Miami, reported to the major at the Naval Air Station. He was hearty but crisp:

"This is war, gentlemen; we have no time to waste. Meet Lieutenants Burlingame and Davy. They will be your instructors. You will start flying this afternoon."

Things were moving too fast for us; in a purple fog, we shook hands. The Marines had two OX5-powered Jennies sitting out in an endless waste of sand. Burlingame lined the six of us up beside them.

"I'll start with the senior officer," he snapped. "Quick now, who's senior?"

Nobody knew; we had all been commissioned the same day.

"All right, all right. Whose name starts with the first letter of the alphabet?"

In a moment Benny Cohen—proud possessor of the name starting nearest A—sat in the pilot's seat.

Words rolled off Burly's tongue: "You push this stick forward to lower your nose; you pull it back to raise it; you shove it to the right to drop your right wing; to the left to drop your left wing. That bar down there is your rudder. You can't get balled up on *that*

Ford O. "Tex" Rogers, one of the six "fly-or-die" student pilots at Miami.

because it works just like steering a sled or the handle bar on a bicycle—only backward. . . .

"All set, Cohen? Fasten your safety belt. For the first hop follow my hands and feet on the controls."

The Jenny wallowed, and staggered into the air.

"Sir," I said to Lieutenant Davy, "do—don't we get any ground school at all?"

"Ground school? Ground school? Weren't you listening to Lieutenant Burlingame, man? You've just finished ground school. What do you want? Raised letters, a diagram, and a club to beat it into your brains—if any?"

I said, "Yes, sir. That is, I mean no, sir."

"Now, all of you!" snapped Davy. "Watch this take-off."

There was no way for Burly to communicate with Benny except by hand signals, and when they landed we could see that Benny was catching hell aplenty.

Twice more they landed and took off. Twice more Burly read the riot act to Benny. The next time they passed overhead, Burly cut the throttle. His roaring voice drifted down to us: "How many times have I got to tell you, you damned half-wit, use your rudder!"

Before I knew it, I was in the cockpit and Burly was shouting instructions to me from up front. I guess I was quivering with excitement. I had looked forward to this, my first flight, for a long time. In a few seconds a feeling of security swept over me, a sort of "king of the air" feeling—all beginners get it. I thought I was pretty good.

The motor stopped abruptly. "You damned half-brained nitwit, use your rudder!"

The Marines were grinding out aviators. Flying hours were daylight to dark. After that, any one who had the pep to go to town, could go—but very few did.

The first report from Burly and Davy was in. Jerry Walton, the born aviator, was hopeless. He couldn't fly. It was too soon to tell about the rest of us.

I had three hours and twenty minutes' instruction on the books. I was making landings without much coaching. I cut the gun one morning and headed for the field—as usual. It was a fair landing—I only bounced twice.

"A little better," Burly snapped. "About time. Now we'll go up and do a tail spin—two tail spins. I'll spin; you'll spin; you'll land. Give 'er the gun!"

The spin test was what decided

"My brand-new shiny gold wings!" The author wears 'em on his white jacket.

whether you were an aviator or a bum.

Burly spun; the Jenny spun; my head spun; the earth spun; everything spun. Burly pulled out. As suddenly as the world went haywire, it came back to normal . . . and it was my turn to knock it gaga all over again.

I did it, and made a normal landing—three bounces.

"Think that with a few more hours you can solo?"

I felt a little boastful. "I could solo right now."

"Cocky, aren't you? O. K., then, take off; make a figure eight, and land. Fly or die!"

Without knowing it, I was in the air. In a complete mental fog, I made a big circle of the field, and landed—safely. I was over the big hump—*I had soloed.* I figured that for once Burly would be pleased.

"Get-out-of-that-airplane-before-I-brain-you!" he snarled. "When I say make a figure eight, I mean a figure eight—not a circle. You're grounded for five days."

Chuck Wilson had left us. He couldn't fly either. Other pilots were coming to Miami in a steady stream, some making good and some not; but out of our original class of six, four were left. And little Benny Cohen was hanging on the ragged edge. He lacked a sense of equilibrium, something you are born with or you're not, and no disgrace either way.

Suddenly news came down from Washington that we all had to drop our landplane training, go over to the Navy Station and qualify on seaplanes. It was partly on account of our pay. As student aviators we got 35 per cent extra, and as soon as we qualified as naval aviators we would get 50 per cent. But unless we flew seaplanes the Comptroller of the Treasury, or some other bigwig, ruled that we couldn't be naval aviators.

We had to stop training a lot of pilots who were going to France to fly landplanes, and switch them over to seaplanes. Whereupon they would never fly seaplanes again. It was either that or lose our pay—which would have been bad enough—and also forfeit our right to those coveted gold wings. As to *that*, hell, *no!*

The way things turned out, the delay didn't make any difference. Some one suddenly decided that this was strictly the army's war. They didn't want any Marine aviators in France, and if the navy insisted, we would never see action.

The major was not the boy to take that lying down. He high-tailed to New York and caught a destroyer to England. While he was over there offering our services to the British, we were wrestling with seaplanes.

I'm not sure whether we actually qualified on them to the navy's satisfaction, or whether they just wanted to get rid of us while they still had some seaplanes left. Anyway, we went back to our Everglades. *And I was now a naval aviator, complete, with shiny gold wings.*

I had qualified in record time—so they told me.

About half a dozen of us received our wings on the same day. We headed for the Royal Palm Hotel—tired or not. Sleep? Who in hell wanted to sleep *that* night? I was dancing with a tall beautiful blonde from Brooklyn. After two or three cocktails I fell for her, strong—she could have written her own ticket. And then that woman went and spoiled it all; she asked for my brand-new shiny gold wings. I dropped her like a hot cake; I was off blondes for six months.

Benny Cohen didn't have his wings yet. They were giving him one last chance on the Jennies. The upshot was, he went to the hospital once again. He was always in and out of it.

The major was back from England and France — triumphant. When Benny was out of the hospital this time, the major hated to see him leave us. We all did; Benny was a grand

guy—but he wasn't an aviator. He was transferred back to the line. That left three of us.

Things were happening faster. Freight cars rolled into Miami carrying Liberty-motored DeHaviland 4s. (Yes, DH4s; the well known "flaming coffins.") All pilots now had to check out on the new planes, and qualify in Lewis guns, radio, bombing, and the like.

Overnight the place turned into a madhouse. Radio! It takes time and study for a novice to qualify as able to send and receive even fifteen words a minute. But if you didn't get passed by the sergeant who ran the radio school, you couldn't go to France.

Everybody had been told that we must be sure to take two things to France: soap and sugar were non-existent "over there." I had at least fifty bars of soap and twenty-five pounds of sugar for my personal use; my locker was full of them. Every one had soap and sugar. (When we got to France the quartermaster had tons of sugar and enough soap to scrub the streets of Paris.)

We thought we were sailing from New York; we halted without warning at the Philadelphia Navy Yard. This time there was no joke about the secrecy. At a minute's notice we high-tailed for Jersey City. A special ferryboat met us and hauled us

The author about to fly a DH4 — one of "the well known 'flaming coffins.'"

I made a discovery: This sergeant wanted to fly, but some one had stuck him with a schoolteacher's job. I gave him an airplane ride every day; he helped me with my radio—and how! In fact, I graduated at the head of the class with a mark of 100 per cent, having never made an error. How could I? I never took a lesson.

It was all right to bluff on radio—we never used it—but gunnery was different. An aviator who went to France and couldn't shoot would stay there — permanently — and we all knew it. All day long there was a line waiting for a chance at the gunnery range.

We were working under tension; nerves were raw, and the mounting toll of casualties didn't help them any.

At last we awoke one morning to the familiar strains of first call, then reveille. Officers' call followed. We hurried down to headquarters. The major stood on the front porch with some papers in his hand.

"Gentlemen," he said, "we are ordered to France."

The departure of the flying Marines for France was "secret." Other than by the Mayor of Miami, the City Council, forty-seven war brides, and two or three thousand citizens, we stole away practically unobserved.

up the Hudson River to Hoboken. It unloaded us on the same dock where the U. S. S. De Kalb was moored. Just after dark we filed aboard. We sailed before daylight.

We had one submarine scare. The five-inch guns blazed away—at a floating orange crate. We arrived in the harbor at Brest. The chaplain said, "Lafayette, we are here." The privates said, "How much is cognac?"

We boarded trains and started for Calais. Arriving, we piled aboard trucks and drove out the Dunkirk road. About halfway between the towns of Oye and Gravelines, we unloaded in the center of a huge chicory-beet field.

Those beets had grown to enormous size; they had swelled up until they stuck out of the ground. The field was rougher than a cobblestone street and muddy besides. We pushed up some canvas hangars, some tents, and a mess shack. Then we got the bad news:

Our airplanes were hopeless junk.

They had preceded us overseas, and had been unloaded at Pauillac, in the south of France. There had been a lot of loose talk about German espionage and sabotage in America, but we were up against the genuine article. Struts had been sawed almost in half—left so that they would break

The late Harry Stovall, another who won his wings when Mr. Collings did.

under the least strain—and the cuts filled with putty and painted over.

Aileron and flipper control horns were ready to give way. The holes in those had been filled with lead and then painted. The damage was invisible, but would very effectively kill any one who tried to fly the planes.

When the first one was assembled for testing, the havoc was discovered. They were all the same. They had to be shipped to Eastleigh, England, to be rebuilt—which would take months. (This was July, 1918.)

So the Marines were left sitting in the center of a Flanders beet field with not a thing to do—except worry about our pay hops. Unless we got in at least one flight a month we lost our extra 50 per cent.

The very first night two Gothas droned across from the English Channel and laid eggs all over the landscape. They managed to miss our hangars but they hit an ammunition dump a scant mile or so beyond—which was worse. For the balance of the night we got a close-up sample of hell on earth—and a healthy respect for the Gothas. When it was all over our Negro cook was missing. When the Gothas commenced to lay their eggs he had started for his home in sunny Tennessee. Long after daybreak he was still missing.

About noon, here he came, across the fields from the direction opposite to that of the still smoldering munitions dump. The Flanders canals in our neighborhood were about fifteen to twenty feet wide. The cook had taken about a dozen of them in stride the night before; he was so scared that he hadn't even noticed them.

We were surrounded by British squadrons. As July was drawing to a close, I was worried about my pay hop. Over a highball, I broached the subject to a flight commander in one of these squadrons, an SE5. He told me to come over to his field the next day and he would fix it up for me.

When I turned up at his field near

Dunkirk the next afternoon, he was painfully sober. It was obvious that if I was to get my pay hop I would have to cheer him up a bit. We retired to the officers' mess. By the time he was willing to *let* me fly one of his single-seaters, I wasn't *fit* to fly. I got him to give me a note to the duty officer, authorizing me to borrow a ship.

Early next day I presented it. The duty officer was polite but seemed to be afraid I would be killed.

"You are sure you can handle this plane, old chappie?"

"Yes."

"You will promise not to cross the lines?"

I promised. Some mechanics warmed up the motor and I climbed aboard. The duty officer leaned over the cockpit cowling; the chap really was worried about my safety.

"I say, old bean," he shouted, "keep a sharp lookout. If you see any Jerries, dive for home. We can't afford to lose any of these SE5s; they are damned scarce."

Another month rolled around. Still we didn't have any airplanes. As far as we were concerned the war had degenerated into a quest for pay hops. The first month had been easy; both the English and French were polite and accommodating; everybody bummed hops without much trouble. But by this time a carful of us turning in at the gate was a signal to lock the hangar doors.

I happened to see a flying boat with Belgian insignia circling over Calais. I found out that the Belgians were patrolling for U-boats and had a seaplane base on the reservoir just outside of town.

Hot stuff! Nobody had pestered these Belgiques for pay hops before; it should be easy.

It was. They were delighted to oblige an American pilot. Lieutenant Tony Boin would gladly give me a ride. He broke out a three-place flying boat, put me in the cockpit and a gunner out front, and we took off. We made a wide turn and started up the English Channel toward the North Sea.

A dozen specks dropped out of the sun. The way Boin flung that boat down and around was nobody's business. My seat dropped out from under me like a falling elevator. The gunner out front unlimbered his machine gun. "Boche!" Boin yelled. "Thees ees no *avion* wiz wheech to fight zee Allemand. We go home—veree queeck."

When we landed he signed my logbook; my flight pay was safe for another month. As I said good-by a touring car bulging with Marine aviators came tearing around the reservoir. Some one else had seen the Belgian flying boat and the secret was out. Tony Boin had a saving sense of humor.

"Zhentlemens," he said, "what ees it you want? One flight for to show ze pay *officier?* I feex. I have geeven Lieutenant Collingks ze ride, but I sign for you ze books and say zat you all have ride wiz me. *Voilà!*"

HE feexed—twelve logbooks. That Belgian flying boat would only hold three people; ask the manufacturer. But it held fifteen that day; ask Tony Boin.

In Calais I met Adrienne Lucker—and then I discovered the trading qualities of a trunkful of soap and sugar. To the average French civilian they *were* priceless.

Adrienne was a Belgian Red Cross nurse. Under her tutelage I learned to barter soap for my laundry bill and sugar for champagne. And it was from Adrienne that I first heard of the mysterious "Spanish influenza." Within a month I was supposedly dying of it.

The Royal Air Force was hard up for aviators. We loaned a couple of our pilots to Squadrons 217 and 218 and the boys took their own machine gunners with them. These were mostly old-time Marines who could *shoot.* I don't know what the British thought about our pilots, but they fell in love with our gunners.

A wartime glimpse of Lieutenant Collings of the flying Marines.

About the same time the first of our own rebuilt DH4s arrived from England. Our period of enforced inactivity was about over; we would get plenty of action now. *Only most of us didn't; we got the flu instead.*

Major Roben died; Art Wright died. We had as many as seven funerals a day—all flu victims. At the far end of the drafty bunkhouse where I tossed with a fever of 105, lay Maco Stewart. He was comparatively well; he only registered a temperature of 104.

Maco was worried about me. Each morning at daybreak he checked up on my health. "Collings!" he yelled.

"What?"

"Oh, hell! Aren't you dead yet?"

WHILE I spent thirty-six days in that shack—without a single bath—our few healthy pilots were getting in some raids. Chapin Barr limped into Dunkirk with Sergeant Wershiner in a riddled airplane. Both of them had been shot up. Barr—they said—wasn't in bad shape; but the doctors gave up hope for Wershiner. Whereupon poor old Barr promptly died and Wershiner lived.

Harvey Norman and Caleb Taylor were killed over Belgium. Pat Mulcahy shot down three Jerries. So did Ralph Talbot—who got the Medal of Honor posthumously—and Bob Lytle, Dopey Bates, and some others bagged from one to three apiece. Gibbs and Nelms lost their motor while bombing Bruges; they slid over the Dutch frontier by a whisper and were interned.

Considering their handicaps and late start, the flying Marines were making a name for themselves. I was convalescent. In a few more days I could get into the show. The great day finally came.

The next day the armistice was signed.

Well, that was that. Thirteen of us piled into a reconnaissance car and started sight-seeing; we headed for Brussels. In Bruges, and again in Ghent, we were warned that we couldn't make it—the Germans had not evacuated the city as yet. We kept on plodding through the night and arrived in Brussels in the cold light of dawn.

It was a proud moment for thirteen Marine aviators: we were the first of the Allies to enter the capital of Belgium in more than four war-torn years.

German sentries still walked post with fixed bayonets. Here and there a few red flags were in evidence on German trucks and wagons. We had no idea what might happen at a second's notice; we walked the streets with cocked pistols in our overcoat pockets.

Belgian civilians blocked the streets to ask questions. They couldn't believe that we were Americans. They went wild; we were the center of attraction. There was an impromptu reception for us in the Hôtel de Ville. The city of Brussels was ours.

Only it wasn't. The German general sent word and politely asked us to leave. The way he put it, we couldn't refuse. He said we might cause a riot and civilians would be killed. The general was right, so we left.

When we got back to camp I voiced my thoughts to the major. I didn't exactly have the heart to wish that the war had lasted longer, but I was disappointed at missing most of the action.

"So?" said the major. "It's action you want. Well, you come with me. We'll go home and demobilize these birds who signed up for the 'duration of the war.' Then, if you think being skinned alive will satisfy that craving of yours, we'll go to Haiti."

How Mr. Collings fought Haitian bandits from the air and all but fell into their hands; how he flew a mangled man across the jungle, strapped to his plane's wing—get thrills like these, with laughs to match, from next week's installment of I Flew for the Hell of It!

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That is why Beauty Experts the world over say: "Use only Palmolive for daily complexion care." And that is why millions of women use and prefer Palmolive Soap!

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A contest so simple—so easy! All you do is tell us in your own words *"Why I use and prefer Palmolive Soap."* You don't need to be clever. Just write as you would to a friend.

There are 20 first prizes . . . 20 chances to win, *entirely at our expense,* a glorious 34-day tour of seven European countries. (Or, if you prefer, $1,000 in cash . . . about *half* what such a tour ordinarily costs you.) Hotels, meals, transportation, and scheduled entertainment . . . all paid for . . . and $300 "pocket money." Railroad fare to and from New York also paid.

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European Tour includes Paris, Rome, London . . . Venice, Geneva, Vienna . . . Brussels, Amsterdam, The Hague . . . five wonderful weeks. First class accommodations aboard ship and throughout the tour.

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What a glorious vacation! And you have every chance in the world to win it! So write that letter today!

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For women, Beauty Boxes containing creams, powder, lipstick, and of course Palmolive Soap! For men, Palmolive Shaving Kits.

READ THESE EASY CONTEST RULES!

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Anyone is eligible to enter the contest (with the exception of employees f Colgate-Palmolive-Peet Co., their dvertising agency, and their families).

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. All letters will be judged on their learness, sincerity and interest. Literry ability is of no value. Just write s if you were writing to a friend. Simple, easy-to-write letters will win he prizes! (You may submit as many etters as you wish.)

. Each letter you submit must be ccompanied by the black bands from hree cakes of Palmolive Soap (or reasonably accurate copies). Mail to Colgate-Palmolive-Peet Co., Dept. L-6, Jersey City, New Jersey.

5. Contest closes June 15, 1935. All letters must be in the mail before midnight of that date. Winners will be notified on July 2.

6. The Judges will be: Mr. Emil Rohde, Pres., Nat'l Hairdressers and Cosmetologists Association; Mrs. Winifred Fayant, Pres., American Cosmeticians Association; and Miss Elizabeth Woodward, Associate Editor of Ladies' Home Journal. Judges' decisions must be accepted as final. In the event of ties, duplicate prizes will be awarded.

7. All entries submitted become the property of Colgate-Palmolive-Peet Co.

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Rules Are Rules . . . but When Fate Closes In and the Girl of One's Dreams Looks On, Even to a Mild and Careful Lover Exciting Things May Happen

The Law

by BEN AMES WILLIAMS

READING TIME • 23 MINUTES 20 SECONDS

THE month was April, but the day was rare as a day in June; and Roger Cate and Nancy Prior had played golf at Charles River. The round ended in a certain stiff restraint between them, because Roger always insisted on playing stymies even in a friendly twosome, and Nancy had suffered under a plague of them all afternoon. Ordinarily she could view Roger's habit of living by rule and law with amused tolerance, because he had so many good qualities; but today her disposition had been tried to the breaking point.

So as they left the club her silence was impressive. They were in Nancy's car, since Roger's license to drive had recently, without the least fault on his part and under circumstances strikingly unjust, been suspended. She drove, and he watched her doubtfully, and said at last in a persuasive tone:

"After all, if you're not going to play by the rules, it's some other game you're playing, not golf at all."

"The world is full of rules," Nancy retorted. "Sensible people obey the sensible ones but they ignore the silly ones."

"If a rule isn't sensible it ought to be changed," Roger argued. "You're like all women. Just because you don't agree with the law, you'd smuggle a handful of diamonds without the least scruple."

"I'm not like all women!" Nancy retorted furiously. "That's a beastly thing to say! And you're the sort of man who would call a revoke on his deaf old grandmother!"

"Of course—if she did revoke," Roger assented. "Why not?"

Nancy stopped the car at his door with a profane grind of tires on gravel, and said curtly:

"I'll pick you up at six o'clock!"

Gravel spurted as the car leaped furiously away.

Roger stood for a moment looking after her ruefully. He was a young man with a persistent respect for law and order, a throwback to that generation born before the turn of the century, which believed that to break a law was wrong and so was something decent people did not do. He had played football at Harvard—within the rules, yet to such good purpose that All-America lists were sprinkled with his name. He respected the rules of any game; and to Roger laws were rules, to be respected too.

But, like an adder long nurtured in his bosom, the law had turned to bite him now. A week before, driving home from Beverly Farms alone and cold sober, he was blinded

When a motorcycle pulled abreast o

ILLUSTRATIONS BY FRANK PAGNATO

by the headlights of a passing truck and went off the road into a telephone pole.

Not seriously hurt, he was nevertheless knocked unconscious for a while. Some good Samaritan passing by tried to revive him with a drink of whisky, and spilled it down the front of Roger's coat and shirt; then, to avoid publicity, fled at the approach of a motorcycle policeman and disappeared forever into the vast unknown.

The result was that the officer found a wrecked car, and a man reeking with liquor unconscious at the wheel. It was not wholly surprising that Roger, after his scalp wound had been tended at the Salem Hospital, should face a charge of driving while intoxicated. His fame as a football player was still remembered, so the matter had a blaze of publicity. Nancy urged that he have the case fixed before the trial; but Roger stubbornly refused.

Abiding Man

them and the officer motioned Nancy to the curb, Roger said with amused malice: "Told you so!"

They rolled and struck and groped and fell and scrambled to their feet, and faced each other again.

"I'm innocent," he insisted. "The court will see that!"

"Must you be so idiotic?" she protested. "You haven't any witnesses, nothing but your own story, and no judge will believe that. It's too patently absurd."

But she could not move him. He stood trial and was duly convicted in the lower court; and pending an appeal his license was suspended.

Nancy and Roger were to be guests of honor tonight at a progressive dinner, one of those functions which begin with cocktails at one house and proceed from soup to nuts with a new hostess for each course. Nancy and her father lived at Scituate in the summer, but Roger went to Bar Harbor; so Nancy had many summer friends in Hingham and Scituate and Cohasset whom Roger knew slightly or not at all; and this was to be in effect his introduction to them. The affair had a tacit significance. Roger and Nancy were not engaged, but they were expected to be. . . .

She came for him promptly at six, wheeled up the drive and blew her horn; and after a moment he appeared and took the seat beside her. She put the car in motion without speaking; and he sat silent too. Out of the corner of her eye, even while she drove, she could see his hand resting on his knee, brown and strong; and suddenly she clasped it and looked at him, and he grinned at her happily.

"We never fight very long, do we?" he said.

"I don't get any fun out of fighting with you."

He urged, chuckling: "Nancy, why not come to it? You're bound to marry me some day. Eventually—why not now! I'm sound in wind and limb, stand without hitching, no serious vices!"

"That's what scares me," she admitted ruefully. "You have so darned many virtues!"

"Shucks," he protested, "there are deeps of depravity in me that would surprise you!"

"I don't believe it. You're the nicest man I know!"

He was content beside her, and they held silence for a while. The evening was warm and pleasant; it had lured many cars upon the road and traffic hindered them. Nancy began to drive with a certain audacity, cutting corners, making haste. He protested once:

"You'll get in trouble, Nance!"

"You're a fine one to talk," she reminded him. "At least I never had my license suspended!"

So he was silenced. But later, when a motorcycle pulled up abreast of them and the officer motioned Nancy to the curb, Roger said with amused malice:

"Told you so!"

Nancy laughed confidently. "Oh, that's only Red McGeehan," she assured him.

THE officer had stopped just in front of them. He got off the motorcycle and came back, reaching for his notebook; but when he recognized Nancy he grinned and saluted.

"Hello, Red," Nancy returned. "What have I done now?"

"Well, you cut out of line on that last curve, and you ran past a stop sign, and you were hitting fifty a quarter mile back. Got your license with you?"

"You know perfectly well that I mislaid it," she reminded him. "I told you so last Friday. And I've forgotten to get a new copy."

He chuckled, said with good Irish impudence: "I wish you'd get one, so I could take you into court without sending you to jail."

She laughed at him. "You know perfectly well you wouldn't do that. But, Red, I'm in a beastly hurry tonight!"

"All right, all right," he grinned. "Sorry I bothered you. Go along; get out of here!"

So the car leaped ahead; and Roger sat in disapproving silence.

And she said, looking at him sidewise: "That's the way to keep out of trouble, Roger. Be friendly with traffic cops. I have a regular method. If they're strange ones, I start in by criticizing their manners, and after that I can do anything with the nice big things."

"I suppose so," he assented grimly.

"Heavens," she cried in deep amusement, "I believe you're jealous of Red!"

"Not at all! I simply think it's undignified to bandy words with a policeman in a public street."

"Oh, did I do that?" she exclaimed in apparent delight. "I've always wanted to know how a person bandies words, and here I've been doing it all my life and never knew it! Those are my two great ambitions, Rog. To bandy words, and to make the welkin ring. If you ever find a welkin, bring it around and let me ring it, will you, please?"

He chuckled in spite of himself. "You're a devil," he said. "And your friend the cop—what's his name?—is a good-looking rascal in that uniform. But, Nancy, don't go making eyes at uniforms. Many a ragged heart beats under an honest jacket!"

"What's his name?" she echoed indignantly. "Rog, I wish you'd learn to remember names. Red McGeehan—Red McGeehan. I practically cut my teeth on his brass buttons. He's stopped me for everything and never once taken me to court. Red's a peach!"

"It's a wonder you don't marry him!" he said sulkily.

She tossed her head. "Perhaps I will," she retorted. "He's good-humored, anyway."

AND after that there was silence between them. They came at last to the house that was their first destination. Dusk was deep about them now; but they saw cars already here, and before Nancy turned into the drive she leaned toward him.

"Sorry, Rog," she said. "Kiss and make up?"

He hesitated as though reluctant. "I wish you'd make up your mind to marry me, Nance," he urged. "I'm always a little uncomfortable kissing you when we're not—actually engaged. It's—against the rules!"

"We never will be engaged," she assured him crisply, "till you get to be a little more human."

The car stopped. He tried to catch her hand, but she was already on the ground.

"Too late," she said mockingly. "Next time, take what the gods provide, you law-abiding man!"

Roger had come to this dinner under protest. He was, like many large young men, naturally shy; and these folk, though they were Nancy's friends, were strangers to him. He felt himself in a false position here; and this feeling was accentuated when the first girl to whom he was introduced said delightedly:

"At last! So you're Nancy's Roger! I've been crazy to meet you for years. Come away from her at once and play with me!"

He looked to Nancy for rescue, but already she had deserted him; and he faced a confusion of strange faces, and cocktails, and caviar. There was a reckless anger in him, and since he had no responsibility tonight—he made it a rule never to drink if he expected to drive a car—Roger drank his share. He was soon pleasantly muddled.

When it was time to move on to the next house, he found Nancy. "Ready?" he asked.

"Oh, you're not going with me," she said curtly. "I'm a little bored with you, Roger. I'm taking Joe Dean. Besides, you ought to get acquainted with the others. You go with Ruth!"

"Very well," he assented with a stiff dignity. "Which one is she?"

She exclaimed in a deep irritation: "You're so fond of rules! The first rule of civilized society is to remember the names of people to whom you are introduced." Then, relenting: "That's Ruth over there. We go to her house next."

"Ruth what?" he asked; but Nancy was already gone.

He sought out the charming young woman she had indicated, and met a flattering reception and was whisked away.

Ruth chattered through the two- or three-mile drive; and when they stopped and alighted she cried:

"Oh, now, I've a commission for you, Roger. You go across the street and get Sally. That house yonder. She had to put the children to bed, but she said she'd be ready by the time we got here. Bring her right over."

So Roger departed on this errand. The night was

warm, and he left his coat in Ruth's car, and his hat too.

When he rang the bell, some one called: "Come in!" He went in, and found a distressed young woman and a hurt child.

"Heavens, I'm glad you've come!" she said. "You must be Nancy's Roger." He winced, and she rattled on: "Isn't this the darnedest thing? I had Jimmy all tucked in bed, and he wanted a glass of water; and of course he dropped the glass and broke it and then cut his hand—and I've no iodine in the house. Jimmy, do stop crying! Roger, take my car—it's outside—and run down to the village and get me some iodine, that's a darling. It won't take you five minutes."

"Which way?" Roger asked. "I don't know this neighborhood."

"To the right. Hurry, won't you?"

So Roger departed on this errand. He did not take the car, since for him to drive in his unlicensed condition would be to break the law. He set off at a brisk walk.

The road presently forked, and there were no signs to indicate the way. At a guess, he turned to the right.

The cocktails had been stiffer than he thought. He found himself surprisingly bemused. Yet he realized presently that he must have come a mile or more, and still no village appeared. When a car overtook him from behind—the road just here was lonely, with no houses near—he decided to hail it and ask for a lift.

But the occupants of the car appeared to be in jovial mood. As Roger's white-shirted figure loomed in the headlights' beam, the driver blew his horn stridently and speeded up. Roger had to dodge; the car showed an inclination to pursue him off the road. Then something went wrong, and there was an explosive report and a metallic crash, and the car incredibly was upside down in the ditch. A girl came scrambling out of it.

A little flame appeared in the wreckage. She screamed. "Oh, get him out! Get him out!" she cried.

There was, it appeared, a man under the wheel. Roger dragged this man through the window to safety, and a moment later flames embraced the whole car.

The man whom he had rescued from incineration was unconscious. Roger looked for the girl, but she had disappeared!

Roger saw the white gleam of a house yonder among trees, and ran that way. No lights anywhere! No answer to his ring. He rounded the house and came to a garage.

The garage was locked, but he could see a car within. The emergency seemed to require bold action. He broke the glass, turned the lock, opened the door. The keys were, by careless chance, in the car. He started the engine, backed out of the garage.

HE was just emerging from the drive into the main road, not a hundred yards from the burning car, when a motorcycle came swirling up beside him. Roger stopped, and a flashlight illumined his countenance blindingly, and a harsh voice said sharply:

"All right—come out of that, and with your hands up or I'll nail you!"

Roger obeyed with a dutiful alacrity; but he cried: "Officer, there's a man hurt back there!"

"Yeah?" the officer drawled. "I don't see no man!"

"I'll show you," Roger promised, and ran toward the burning car. The flames were dying now.

But the hurt man was gone.

"All right; where is he?" the policeman demanded, pinning Roger warily with his flashlight's beam.

"He's gone," Roger confessed. "There was a girl, too. I don't understand—"

"Where were you headed in such a hurry—and in Joe Dean's car?"

"I was going for help," Roger explained.

"Oh, sure!" the officer assented scornfully. "Well, I'll give you all the help your case needs. Get moving!"

"Wait a minute," Roger protested. "I've got to—"

"You going to come along nice and peaceful?" inquired the officer warningly. "Or do I have to—"

Roger cried indignantly: "See here; I'm doing an errand for a lady! I can't—"

"What lady?"

Roger hesitated. "Why, I don't know her name!"

"Now that's just too bad! Probably you don't know your own name, either."

"Certainly," said Roger stiffly. "I'm Roger Cate."

"Oh, is that so?" the policeman drawled triumphantly. "Seems like I've read about you in the papers. Let me smell your breath."

He drew near, and Roger obliged. "Say, how many cars do you have to wreck before you learn not to mix liquor and gasoline?"

"I wasn't driving that wrecked car!" Roger cried.

"Oh, sure," the policeman agreed. "And probably you haven't had a drink, either."

"Of course I've had a drink. Several of them. But I'm trying to tell you the truth," Roger insisted.

"Comes hard, does it? Well, walk along and we'll tell it to the desk."

"I wasn't even in the car," Roger pleaded. "I was on my way to the village."

"What village?"

"Hingham," Roger hazarded, not quite sure.

"Bad guess, buddy," the officer said. "This is the road to Hull. And quite a long walk, at that." He asked: "Now what were you walking to the village for? Breath of air?"

"As a matter of fact," Roger said with extreme dignity, "I was going to get some iodine."

"For that lady you mentioned?" The policeman was still patient. "Whenever you're ready, just start walking!"

"I'M sorry I can't oblige you," Roger urged. "But I've really got to go back. I'm due at a dinner."

"With that lady that wants the iodine? What does she want it for—perfume?"

"Her son cut his hand on a broken tumbler, and she hadn't any iodine in the house."

"And probably you don't know his name, either?"

"Tommy, I think it was," Roger said gropingly.

"Tommy what?"

"I don't know!" Roger was beginning to be a little desperate. "You see," he explained, "we were having a progressive dinner. We started with cocktails at one place, and then came on to this other house, and the hostess sent me across the street to get one of the guests, and her little boy had cut his hand, and she asked me to go to the village and get some iodine—"

"And you walked?"

"I'm not allowed to drive a car," Roger admitted. "My license was suspended. But it was all a mistake!"

"Sure!" The policeman seemed to be enjoying himself. "It always is! Who gave you the cocktails? He certainly knew how to mix 'em."

"I didn't know his name."

The officer chuckled. "Don't you know anybody? What did you do, just pick out some numbers in the telephone book and drop in for dinner?"

Roger desperately turned to outright mendacity.

"As a matter of fact, they're all friends of my fiancée," he declared. "I was introduced, of course; but there was a good deal of talk and excitement, and I didn't hear their names. I can't remember names anyway."

"I don't suppose you even remember the name of this fiancée of yours, do you?"

Roger's courage failed him. He could not drag Nancy into this. "That has nothing to do with it," he retorted stiffly.

The officer wagged his head. "Now you're going high-hat on me!" he said sadly.

Roger tried, urgently, one last appeal. "Officer," he insisted, "I'm telling you the truth. I was on my way to get the iodine, and this car came along. I hailed it and it swerved into the ditch. A girl got out and told me there was a man still in the car, and I dragged him out just before the wreck caught fire."

And he admitted: "The girl disappeared. Probably they were out on a lark and she didn't want her name in the papers. So I went over to that house to get help for the man. There was no one at home, so I borrowed the car and started out—and then you came along."

The officer chuckled. He stepped in front of Roger,

pulled down his eyelid with his finger. "Mister," he challenged, "do you see any green in my eye?"

Roger saw the man's face for the first time, and recognized it. "You're Red McGeehan!"

"Sure I am!" McGeehan assented. "What of it?"

Roger stammered: "Why, then, you know Miss—" He hesitated, but if Red McGeehan were in fact a friend of Nancy! "You know my fiancée!" he cried.

"What's her name?"

"Nancy Prior!" said Roger triumphantly.

"Miss Prior, eh?" the policeman echoed. "Sure I know her. She gets away with murder. She tries to make every cop along the road. Fiancée, eh?" He laughed scornfully. "Why, say, mister, I guess if all the men that girl's been engaged to was laid end to end—"

Roger's injuries had been storing up an explosive violence in this young man, and the policeman's word was like a detonating cap. Roger struck Red heartily and effectively upon the mouth. . . .

Nancy missed Roger, but when she asked for him, Ruth Mayhew said casually:

"Oh, I sent him across to fetch Sally. She said she'd be ready by the time we got here!"

But ten minutes later Roger and Sally had not arrived, and Ruth telephoned to inquire, and heard what had happened.

"He's gone to the village to get some iodine," she explained to Nancy. "Jimmy cut his hand and Sally had none in the house. He took Sally's car."

"He wouldn't do that," Nancy protested. "You know he lost his license; and Roger wouldn't drive without one." She reflected uneasily that Roger had had too many cocktails; regretted their quarrel; and after a moment she called Joe Dean for escort and went to hunt the lost one.

But Roger was not at Sally's; not in the village, or on the road between! Nancy was, suddenly and absurdly, half frantic with concern. Then she saw that fork in the road where Roger had gone astray, and remembered he was a stranger hereabouts, and guessed his error, and bade Joe turn that way.

So they came to the burning car; and they saw, in the ditch beyond, something that writhed and twisted. This was a formless something with a surprising number of arms and legs and heads.

Dean cried, "It's some one fighting!" He started to get out but Nancy caught his arm.

"It's Roger," she whispered in delighted awe. "He's having a fight with a cop! Oh, it's Red McGeehan! Joe, let them alone!"

Joe grinned. "Might as well have a ringside seat, then," he decided.

He turned the car at an angle so that the headlights fell upon the struggling men.

THAT first blow which Roger struck was an effective one. It left McGeehan half dazed, on his knees in the ditch beside the road; and Roger, with no least hesitation, leaped upon him, grappling with the man.

McGeehan had a gun in his holster. Against odds, he would have reached for it and used it with effect; but against one man—and especially against a man who had knocked him down—sheer pride forbade. The blow had crushed his mouth, broken a tooth, stunned him; but when Roger came leaping down upon him, he bowed his head, spat out the tooth, and took up the business in hand with a ready alacrity.

Roger had no mind to wrestle with McGeehan; he wished to beat the policeman to a pulp. So his fists were flying now, and every blow on solid flesh gave him a deep and delicious satisfaction. Likewise the blows he took thrilled him like caresses. He and McGeehan rolled to and fro in the ditch till they were equally bemired. They struck, they choked, they strangled; they got wrestling holds and broke them, and staggered to their feet and into the road at last.

Then Roger drove in again, diving in a football tackle, and bore McGeehan back and down. It was during this second episode in the ditch that Nancy and Joe Dean arrived. The combatants were only remotely conscious that a car had stopped and pinned them with its headlights' beam. They rolled and struck and groped and fell apart and scrambled to their feet once more, and faced each other in the road again.

Roger's back was toward the car, but McGeehan faced it; and the man's countenance thus revealed was a delight to Roger. The mouth was swollen and strangely hued; one eye had screwed itself into a permanent wink; the nose was flattened. His own hurts Roger could not see; cared not at all for them. He had taken worse, in the name of fun, on the football field where the rules forbade reprisal. But rules were forgotten now. Here he could strike back, and did.

BEN AMES WILLIAMS
was born in Mississippi and graduated from Dartmouth. He worked six years as a reporter, rewrite and desk man, and sold his first story in 1914. He has been writing short stories and books ever since. His home is in Chestnut Hill, Massachusetts.

McGEEHAN was in training, hard and fine; but Roger was also in condition. He had been as well schooled in wrestling and in boxing as the other man, and he was heavier.

There may have been no particular glory in Roger's victory; yet, for all that, it was sweet! The time came when McGeehan went down and tried to rise and could not. He sat swaying, and held his aching jaw; and he mumbled through thick lips, with a dim respect that was almost affection in his tones:

"O. K., buddy! You pack too much stuff for me!"

"—teach you," said Roger, panting, "to keep your tongue off Miss Prior!"

"You pack a wallop," McGeehan confessed; added almost regretfully: "Just the same, I've got to run you in."

"Go ahead," Roger assented. "I'm satisfied. Be glad to go."

But then Joe and Nancy were beside them here.

Between them all, McGeehan was presently appeased. "O. K.," he said at last; and then to Roger: "Buddy, I'll take you on again sometime. I still don't think you're that good! But we'll call this a private fight and let it go."

Nancy cried gratefully: "Thanks, Red! You're a sport!" She went with McGeehan a little way toward his motorcycle.

"Say," he challenged. "Jack Dempsey back there says he's engaged to you. Is that so?"

Nancy looked back at Roger and laughed. "Not yet," she admitted. "But he's going to be!"

"Well, maybe you're not doing so bad!" Red confessed respectfully.

Joe Dean departed to put his own car back in the garage, so Roger and Nancy were left for a moment alone. Roger sat on the running board, wiping his face with his handkerchief, shaking in the reaction from his violence; and Nancy looked down at him and smiled.

"Well, you're a fine one!" she said. "What an accomplished criminal you turned out to be!" He looked up at her suspiciously, while she ticked off his crimes on her fingers. "Breaking and entering Joe Dean's garage! Stealing Joe Dean's car! Driving while intoxicated, and driving without a license! Assault on poor Red McGeehan! Mayhem! Oh, I saw where that tooth used to be! Resisting an officer! Roger darling, you could be sent to jail for fifty years. I begin to see some hope for you!"

He stood up with a harsh violence; he caught her arm, opened the door of the car. "Get in there and drive," he said. "You young imp!"

She obeyed, and he took the seat beside her. "Where to, sir?" she asked in mock deference.

"The nearest minister," said Roger. "And make it snappy!"

"Minister?" she echoed. It was her turn for confusion now. "What are you going to do?"

"Marry you!"

"But you can't without a license," she argued. "And it takes five days to get a license under Massachusetts law."

"To blazes with the law!" said this law-abiding man.

THE END

MATERNAL, WHIMS

Miss Robson as a Vigorous Parent, Mr. Some Hearts-of-Gold Gangsters by Mr.

by BEVERLY

READING TIME ●

4 stars — Extraordinary **3 stars — Excellent**
2 stars — Good **1 star — Poor**
0 star — Very Poor

★ ★ STRANGERS ALL

THE PLAYERS: May Robson, Preston Foster, Florine McKinney, William Bakewell, James Bush, Samuel Hinds, Clifford Jones, Suzanne Kaaren. Directed by Charles Vidor. Story by Marie Bercovici.

IT'S all according to how one looks at this week's pictures. Taken as what they are obviously intended to be, they are successful films. That is, they suit their purpose—that of supplying the second feature on a double bill. But that purpose seems to be of economic rather than entertainment value. Double feature actually means one picture and a filler. This week's pictures are the fillers.

For instance, Strangers All, in which May Robson gives a vigorous display of some of the more unpleasant aspects of mother love, is a well fashioned little item produced in about half the time and with about half the expense of most pictures. Its sole ambition is to supply enough interest to keep the audience in the theater long enough to see the film it really came for.

That this story of a mother's trials and worries with her disorderly brood comes off at all is due to the striking performances of Billy Bakewell as the stage-struck son, and James Bush, the amateur Red of the family. For, by some curious twist of writing and playing, these two selfish young hellions are alive and vital if not entirely sympathetic; while Preston Foster as the eldest son, a hard-working breadwinner, and May Robson, arbitrator of the perpetual family quarrels, entirely miss the charm which the story meant to be theirs.

Strangers All tells of this family's petty problems, which develop into two major problems when it is discovered that Mother Robson has a thousand dollars. Based on the debatable assumption that it is more worthy to use the money to keep Preston Foster's clothing shop away from creditors than to send the theater-mad Bakewell to Hollywood, the picture suddenly scorns this problem for the more pressing situation which arises when James Bush, the baby radical, gets sent to jail.

With a harsh voice and strident manner, May Robson straightens it all.

VITAL STATISTICS: Picture taken from play by Marie Bercovici, one of the gifted gypsies. Cost around $150,000 by virtue of quickie methods, RKO borrowing all talent, including Director Charles Vidor. . . . May Robson is being the Grand Old Girl all over the place. She believes life begins at sixty and that the secret of longevity is to avoid giving in to the years. A widow, she gets daily proposals in the mail, usually from men less than half her age, all lonely. One wanted her to advertise her willingness in the New York Times Personal Column. Her favorite exercises are sewing and cooking. Some of her household hints, girls: Scissors dipped in cold water will cut marshmallows. Silver dipped in potato water will help remove tarnish. Send potted bulbs to invalids, not flowers; bulbs can be watched growing. Has aviary of a hundred birds. . . . Preston Foster popped into the world in Ocean City, New Jersey, and started life as a newsboy and fame as a grand-opera baritone. In between was a newspaperman, and would go back to it were pictures to give out. Is married happily; is the expert walker of Hollywood; hates bridge and sponging kin and has added S. numerologically as a middle initial to give him vibrational balance. I'd add the whole alphabet if it gave me a bank balance! . . . William Bakewell thinks that you ought to have $2,000 in your bank before setting out for Hollywood to make good—and then you ought to think twice about it. He was born in Hollywood, so incidentals cost him little. . . . Flo McKinney has been hooked Winchelly to Ralph Forbes, Peter Trent, Harpo Marx, Woody Van Dyke, Norman Krasna, and writer Erwin Gelsey. She's actually been married, in print, by columnists —her family at Mart, Texas (her birthplace) getting telegrams of congratulation. In the meantime, she opines, she'll remain in single blessedness, a bachelor girl making good. Her favorite hobby is saving. . . . Suzanne Kaaren kaars when they misspell her name. She too is a bachelor gal, calling her Hollywood ap't her den.

★ ½ BABY FACE HARRINGTON

THE PLAYERS: Charles Butterworth, Una Merkel, Harvey Stephens, Eugene Pallette, Nat Pendleton, Ruth Selwyn, Donald Meek, Dorothy Libaire, Edward Nugent, and others. Directed by Raoul Walsh. From the play by Edgar Selwyn and William Le Baron.

METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER, home of lavish sets and all-star casts, sets out in Baby Face Harrington to make a second-rate picture, and does it. A modest little running mate for this studio's more opulent cinemas, the film hardly deserves to be knocked down, because it doesn't pretend to stand up for much.

Jean Parker, Vince Barnett, Chester Morris,

Missing the laughs that any outline of its plot might imply, Baby Face Harrington shows Charles Butterworth as a harassed and dignified office underling who, through a series of incidents, comes erroneously to be considered America's No. 2 gangster. When at the goading of his wife, Una Merkel, Butterworth finally cracks his boss for a raise, he is fired instead. Deluged by debts, this gentle clerk cashes his insurance, then loses his wallet on the way home.

Thinking the money has been stolen, Butterworth ups and robs the suspect, and then finds that he hadn't lost his money after all. However, before he can return the hot dollars, they are, in turn, snatched from him by burglar Nat Pendleton. From there on Baby Face Harrington follows Butterworth's flaming career as convict, and finally as hero when, with the same guileless honesty that sent him to jail, he captures the big gangster.

Like many of Hollywood's surest scene stealers, Butterworth loses much of his effectiveness when carrying a picture alone. Capable performances are given by Nat Pendleton, Una Merkel, and Eugene Pallette.

VITAL STATISTICS: Picture is a quickie, having been fashioned in about eleven days, its chief charges being salaries. Said to cost around $100,000. Many M-G-M quickies make as much profit as its colossal spectacles. . . . Director Raoul Walsh is best remembered for megaphoning What Price Glory, which introduced the Harlem salute, sometimes known as the Bronx cheer or the non-winging bird to cinema art. He's been a consistent money-maker, now that he's been reduced to making program

ICAL, SENTIMENTAL

Butterworth as a Gentle Convict, and Runyon Inhabit a Quartet of Pictures

HILLS

MINUTES 45 SECONDS

and Clara Blandick in Princess O'Hara.

pictures like this. Got a new contract t'other day. He has a real hard sense of humor, mixed with earthiness. . . . Charlie Butterworth, who is Public Enemy No. 2 in the picture, claims his candidate for Public Enemy No. 1 is the man who crunches celery loudly while his Adam's apple slides up and down like a trombone. Charlie's building a new house despite M-G-M's tizziness about moving eastward to escape the 35 per cent Merriamism. He looks younger offstage than on, and not in the least bit goofish on the eye. He is one of the few comedians who can be amusing out of working overalls, since he doesn't consider humor a business. . . . Nat Pendleton can make pretzels of iron bars and lift motorcars—aided by Galen Gough, pro strong man who got a contract out of M-G-M after being called in to train Nat for his combat with Man Mountain Dean in film.

★ ½ PRINCESS O'HARA

THE PLAYERS: Chester Morris, Jean Parker, Leon Errol, Vince Barnett, Henry Armetta, Ralph Remley, Dorothy Gray, Charles Levison, Clara Blandick, Tom Dugan. Directed by David Burton. Story by Damon Runyon.

PRINCESS O'HARA, Damon Runyon's latest concoction of nice old ladies, small-time crooks, sweet young girls, race-track touts, and smart Broadway boys, has all the familiar characters skipping through their familiar paces. But this time they are strung together on a story so loose that these people, who were always unreal, are stripped of their quaint appeal also.

Showing that racketeers have hearts of mush beneath their natty fronts, Princess O'Hara concerns Chester Morris and his variety of shady interests. Owner of a fleet of taxis among other things, Morris displays his tenderness when, during a taxi war, one of his cars kills an aged carriage driver, father of a large family.

Jean Parker, wearing calico and being sweet to an unbearable degree, takes on the carriage at her father's death and is secretly assisted by the remorseful Mr. Morris, who she believes caused the killing. When her nag dies, she innocently accepts a stolen race horse—an act which the makers of this film naïvely believe the New York papers would headline for days—and winds up in jail.

Spiced by Charles Levison's highly comic bit as a shyster lawyer on his first case, Princess O'Hara muddles through to its climax, which features a race wherein the horses pass each other every three or four yards while the actors go mad with excitement. The audience, we suspect, will manage to contain itself.

VITAL STATISTICS: It's another Damon Runyon yarn, folks; but the Runyon vogue seems on the wane, even if Fox recently paid him $25,000 for refusal rights to do his next three stories. He gets from $7,500 to $15,000 movie money for his accepties. . . . Chester Morris is as popular as Punch wherever he goes—the Roosevelt of the studio stages. Nothing good came to him when he played ethically correct parts, including vegetarians. When he went menace he went to town. Has saved his money, having heard of the Old Actors Home. First New York stage appearance was with Lionel Barrymore in The Copperhead (no relation to David Copperhead). Has two children. Is close friend of Runyon, who may write him a play. . . . All the race-track scenes had to be shot indoors owing to bountiful rain during filming (known in California as a heavy fall of dew) to keep up to prod. sched. . . . Jean Parker is really Mae Green. Was a hoydenish gal. Doesn't know how come she outgrew her impishness unless 'twas because she just growed, like Topsy. Her ambition is to become a real good actress and see the world. . . . Director David Burton was Odessa, Russia, born. Pharmacy (no, there's no pharmacy relief problem) was his first profesh. Pestered a stage start out of Minnie Maddern Fiske, reading about her casting a play in a newspaper. Is grade B program feller.

★ ½ HOLD 'EM YALE

THE PLAYERS: Patricia Ellis, Cesar Romero, Larry Crabbe, William Frawley, Andy Devine, George Barbier, Warren Hymer, George E. Stone. Directed by Sidney Lanfield. Story by Damon Runyon.

THERE'S no end to the goodness of Damon Runyon's pixy gangsters. In Hold 'Em Yale four of these presumably tough boys add to their kindly deeds of the day by protecting Patricia Ellis, a lovely heiress, from the manly charms of Cesar Romero, a handsome slicker out for no good, and see that the wealthy lass is safely tied to muscular Larry Crabbe, a thoroughly honorable young man.

Given better dialogue than plot construction, Hold 'Em Yale is a harmless little film with a few scattered laughs and a peaceful air of unimportance.

This week's offerings furnish an excellent example of what the double feature is coaxing out of Hollywood.

VITAL STATISTICS: Hold 'Em Yale, originally schedded for Harvard-Yale game release, comes out in time for spring practice. Nothing like ice-hockey pictures in the summertime or baseball in blizzard weather! Reason for holdup—writer trouble: Joel Sayre, author of funniest football satire in world—Rackety Rax—a football player himself, found not up to high literary tastes of Producer Charles Rogers. Rogers gave author Cortland Fitzsimmons only $2,500 for 70,000 Witnesses, a picture that netted $500,000 profit and a big executive spot at Paramount. Fitzsimmons after deducting splits got about $1,000 out of it—a big program hit. Rogers later offered Fitzsimmons $1,000 for Death on the Diamond, which Fitzsimmons snooted and Metro snatched for $10,000—much to its advantage. . . . Damon Runyon refuses to come to Hollywood. Was born in Denver and got start with Hearst papers by discovering Mr. and Mrs. Gillette, parents of famous Chester, for the trial. Was once a jockey. Once had Dot King's brother as a chauffeur. Lives in a New York penthouse; has a growing son and a Rolls-Royce. Took up short-story writing at a late age, and features perfectly timed and up-to-the minute underworldese within a perfectly sinisterly-humorous frame.

FOUR- AND THREE-STAR PICTURES OF THE LAST SIX MONTHS

★★★★—The Band Concert, Private Worlds, Roberta, Clive of India, David Copperfield, The Lives of a Bengal Lancer, Imitation of Life, Chu Chin Chow.

★★★—Life Begins at Forty, One More Spring, Mississippi, West Point of the Air, Naughty Marietta, The Wedding Night, The Little Colonel, Ruggles of Red Gap, Murder on a Honeymoon, Wings in the Dark, The Whole Town's Talking, Society Doctor, The Secret Bride, The Man Who Reclaimed His Head, Here Is My Heart, The Mighty Barnum, Babes in Toyland, Fox Movietone News, The President Vanishes, Sequoia, College Rhythm, Broadway Bill, The White Parade, Anne of Green Gables, St. Louis Kid, The Gay Divorcee, Menace, We Live Again, One Exciting Adventure, Screen Snapshots.

I married a man 20 years my junior

A Woman's Side of a Much-Discussed Problem—Which, She Maintains, She Has Found to Be No Problem at All

by NINA WILCOX PUTNAM ELIOT

READING TIME ● 4 MINUTES 30 SECONDS

I MARRIED a man almost twenty years younger than myself. I am not the least bit ashamed of it, and I am very happy. What's more, this marriage is of long standing according to modern standards. All of which is sufficiently unusual to call for an explanation. I have often been asked for one, and here it is.

You don't think it ridiculous when a prominent and successful middle-aged man marries a beautiful young girl. You merely think he's lucky. Why, then, should the reverse be criticized? In every other field we have long since recognized women as human beings. Their entrance into any of the arts or professions, into business and invention is taken as a matter of course. But when it comes to love, women are still supposed to act, feel, and think within narrowly prescribed limits—including an age limit.

Perfect bosh, of course! Some men —plenty of them—are through with love at forty. Some retain charm and sex magnetism into their seventies. Then why not women too? A woman is no longer considered a wanton merely because she is possessed of and admits to a vigorous physical vitality. Then why should she tie herself up in what the world loves to call a "suitable match"? Believe me, few men are fools enough to do it!

To say that one reason I married Philip was because I wanted a father for my son would be true; and luckily enough, I drew a splendid father and the son loves him dearly. But to be perfectly honest, what I wanted was a charming, attractive, affectionate husband for myself. Which is the usual beginning, after all, for successful parenthood. But even if he had been a wholly unsuitable father I would not have allowed that to deter me—because my son will grow up and leave me, while I sincerely hope and believe my husband will do no such thing.

Though younger than I, my husband orders me about and expects to be waited on, and I like it. I am old-fashioned enough to believe that the "obey" should be left in the marriage ceremony.

We seldom quarrel, because being older has given me the poise so essential in averting quarrels and misunderstandings. No wife of his own age would be likely to be as patient with the natural faults of youth or as understanding of its problems as I have been.

Upon one occasion I separated from him simply because he had not yet found out that a woman's career, if she is professional, has as many rights in a household as her man's. Philip's demands upon my spare time for strenuous social activities had brought me to a point of nervous exhaustion which not only drove me away from him but into marriage with another man. This marriage was a cruel mistake for all three of us. I was not happy; but I told no one—least of all Philip, to whom I had not even written. Nor had he written to me. Yet one day, when I received a request from a stranger to meet him and accept a message from Philip, I knew at once that Philip would be in that place waiting for me —and he was. He had traveled eight thousand miles just to find out if I was happy. The moment we saw each other we knew that we must be together again.

Being so much younger than I am, his presence keeps me conscious of the necessity for always looking my best. I dare not grow slack—that would be deliberately tempting fate. But I don't make the mistake of endeavoring to look like a girl—he would loathe that, as he does any form of dishonesty. So I merely try to look myself—but my *best* self, which is what he wants.

He not only keeps me looking young but feeling young. We neither of us stop to consider the difference in our ages; we're too busy living.

I demand absolute fidelity. Once this *desire for one alone* ceases, the basic reason for marriage is dissolved. No doubt of my husband's fidelity has ever even crossed my mind. He has never by so much as the flicker of an eye given me the slightest cause for jealousy. And this fact has built up a tremendous bond between us. When a man and woman have such a happiness between them, nothing in the world can really hurt them—not even separation by death; because the thing they have created survives. The outer form of fidelity might be an empty routine if based on fear. But that same routine, when it springs from one's innermost wish and desire, is the grandest ritual in all of life. My husband gives me this. His tradition of ethical behavior has been the same ever since he was born, and will remain stanch until he dies. He's that sort of Englishman—the best.

What of the future? What of the time when I am really old and he is only middle-aged? Well, in my opinion, people worry altogether too much about the future. To begin with, there may be no future at all. Death takes little account of human plans. And nothing could ever take away or destroy the years that have been. And nature takes care of adjustments in our lives so beautifully if only we will give her a chance.

One of these adjustments is the fact that as people grow older, the difference in their ages shrinks amazingly. Philip and I are much nearer of an age now than we were ten years ago. Ten years from now we will be in many ways even closer abreast.

On that score I have no fears. At worst, should Philip find me less attractive in the dim future, my pangs will be tempered with the acceptance of life as it is which comes to all of us who live long enough.

THE END

I married a woman 20 years my senior

The Man in the Case Discusses It from a Husband's Point of View, and Presents His Reasons for Happiness

by PHILIP ELIOT

READING TIME ● 4 MINUTES 30 SECONDS

I AM nearly twenty years younger than my wife, and after ten years of marriage I believe I can write with some authority, if not certainty, of the reasons why I have been happily married to a woman older than myself.

Frankly and honestly, I would have been bored with a girl of my own age. I left school at seventeen and was shortly earning my own living among men who were twice my age.

I washed dishes in South American cargo boats for a year, and any social (?) life that came my way was with men far older than I. Some were illiterate and in the evenings I used to write their letters to their wives and sweethearts for them, even though during the day they hurled epithets at my head.

But they were kind as older people are to a child, though strict with me about my job. They guarded me from making mistakes when we got shore leave. The drunker they might get, the stricter they became with me. They only allowed me beer to drink and kept me out of the brothels, and in the year I was only struck once, and that was by the cook, whom I called an ignoramus.

All this matured me rapidly and after a while I found the company of younger men bored me. I thought I knew so much more than they did. The same idea applied to women when I was in my early twenties. Older women found me, I suppose, more interesting than my average contemporary, who, in all probability, was still in college.

I am making no apology for stating that I am happier in being married to an older woman than I could be if married to a younger. I am merely attempting to explain why from my point of view this is a fact—to prove, possibly, that ten years of as much happiness as most men experience has been, in a way, for me the rather logical outcome of an unconventional idea.

"And what about ten years from now, when your wife is an old woman and you will still be in your prime?" That is the question that all my friends have asked me. I believe I have the answer, which is simply that I had no conventional youth when I was in my teens and early twenties. I know only the more staid qualities of my middle twenties and thirties. So that consequently when my wife is sixty-five I shall be really more than forty-five and in a position, I hope, to repay her for all the trouble she took with me when I was a stripling of five-and-twenty.

I do not intend to speak of love and companionship and mutual respect, et cetera. If we hadn't had that, and kept it, the fact is obvious that we would not be together now.

And then there has been my stepson, John. I first met him when he was seven, and I tied his first evening tie only a few months ago. Knowing him has been in some ways more than a father-and-son relationship, for the simple reason that I had only recently discovered most of the answers to his problems, and we could discuss them as two friends would, not, as in so many cases, with that stiff formality which usually exists between father and son. Another short cut for me! His intellectual curiosity and mental development have imposed on me a duty and a serious responsibility, both welcome, that in the ordinary course of events would not have happened to me for another ten years.

My wife has patiently convinced me that I was wrong about so many things. She has teased me out of stupid convictions and laughed me into working when I was too lazy to work. Could one expect a younger woman to be bothered to do that?

Some years ago my wife left me because I had not learned to temper my social and business activities to the limits imposed on her by her age and her busy career. She married again and for a year we did not communicate with each other in any way. But I missed her intolerably. Thank God we were reunited.

She, my wife, has been a constant inspiration to me to succeed. I would have given up writing many years ago if it hadn't been for her and her sweetness and kindness, a kindness such as is only born of long experience and matured knowledge.

It is a tribute to her that she has helped my development without imposing upon my life or my personality. She has educated me culturally; she has shown me the spirit of America. She has taught me the value of things, not just the knowledge of what they might have cost. She has brought me up—up to her level of thought, until we can exchange ideas on an equal basis.

We enjoy the same things, from a different point of view. She respects my judgment and has never been patronizing or unkind when I've made errors. She has taught me to laugh at myself when I was a fool and not be sorry for myself if things went wrong. She spent a year of her life fighting tuberculosis on the roof of a New York apartment house and never let her friends know of her ailment, receiving them between five and six every evening. When they were gone she would go back to her bed on the roof; and when the snow came she put on fur gloves and wrote her first book, In Search of Arcady. That roof top was the top of her world and she invites me to share the rewards of courage—of courage that brought her through safely; and I am grateful for the opportunity.

The difference in our ages has never seemed apparent to me. Her spirit is younger than that of most people my own age. Do you wonder that the difference of physical age has never been a factor in our life together?

THE END

The rearing head was an apparition of vengeance and terror. Tooth and hoof, he charged the man like an engine of destruction.

Black Kettle

STUD CARNAC tallied on a dirty piece of paper as the trader flung each hide upon a pile beside the door.

"Ten dollars."

"Twenty dollars."

"Thirty—"

There came the sound of a step from the front of the store and the trader paused to peer inside for a possible customer. Carnac, waiting impatiently, yanked the bridle of his bronco cruelly as the little beast fidgeted under the attack of a horsefly. He was fiercely impatient to get his money and leave the dangerous vicinity of the trader's store.

The hide of a wild horse was worth ten dollars cash from any trader who was willing to take the risk of handling them and was not too particular about possible brands on the hides he bought. Carnac the hide hunter had found such a man in Gleason the trader at Medicine Bend, and for two years had plied his unscrupulous trade on Mogollon Mesa and the high mountain valleys above it where the last scattered bands of wild horses in the Northwest had drifted for sanctuary.

While Gleason slipped inside to attend the wants of an Indian woman, Carnac waited scowling. He was a meaty undelineated chunk of human protoplasm with a rugged wrestler's build, bullet head, and long powerful arms and trunk. His heavy sullen face was seamed by coarse passions and the eyes seemed mere muddy-green loopholes for the ruthless soul within him.

Carnac styled himself a trapper. He had, in truth, trapped for years up and down the country, but he remained a tyro in the finer craft of the game. His long suit was butchery. He was congenitally cruel.

After years of varied kinds of lawlessness Carnac had found that hide hunting offered the quickest and easiest livelihood. The past few years he had turned his attention chiefly to wild horses. During the winter months mink and marten were lured by him to their death—caught by their small pink tongues on heavy strips of iron which Carnac laid out on the snow after smearing them with grease. Likewise scores of deer and elk were slaughtered by him whenever he came upon them helpless in their winter "yards" in the deep snow of the mountain valleys. But all summer and fall he hunted wild horses with a rifle on the high mesas. His usual kill was three a day, and he made money; but month by month the horses grew scarcer, the game more dangerous.

Carnac was waxing ugly when the trader returned.

THE STORY OF A MAGNIFICENT CAPTIVE—A STIRRIN

by PAUL ANNIXTER

TALE OF A WOMAN'S HEART AND A TERRIBLE REVENGE

"Finish the count," he growled, "and give me my money."

"We can't get done too quick to suit me," said Gleason. "Gettin' cold feet on me, hey?"

"It's too dangerous," said the trader. "Sooner or later they'll catch up with us. Maybe once-twice more I can take your hides; then I quit. Too many men come through here inquirin' about them dead horses up on the mesa."

Carnac sneered. "Remember what I told you," he said. "You go talkin' and give me away, and I'll come back and nail your skinny carcass to the wall along with them pelts of yours—if I have to wait ten years."

A hundred and thirty dollars changed hands. Carnac bought three bottles of whisky and departed. He was bent on debauch.

By some queer quirk of fate Stud Carnac had a wife, young and sweet-faced, still in her twenties, with something of actual beauty in her dark face and large starved eyes. The straight jet-black hair and telltale line of her high cheekbones proclaimed Indian blood in Netah, which went to explain the mésalliance. Taken as a mere girl and bent to his will, the woman was now the mere property of Carnac—like his horse, ever fearful at his approach.

She had had a child, but it had died through Carnac's negligence. It was the thought of this that sometimes brought a fierce and savage light to the Indian eyes of Netah Carnac—a look that was not a good thing for any man to have harbored against him.

She had just finished scraping the fat from one of Carnac's pelts when the hide hunter rode up to the cabin that afternoon, droning a drunken tune. He had been away for four days and his return filled Netah with the old dread; but the dead enigmatical look of her race dropped like a veil over her inner thoughts.

Carnac, his eyes narrowed to menacing slits, scanned the woman and the cabin with sharp suspicion, as he always did on his return. There was no greeting as he slumped into a chair beside the table.

"Gleason's drawing out on me, the yellowbelly," he growled. "He's gettin' scared and somebody may make him talk. Maybe one more deal is all he will go through with me. Look to my guns, Netah; clean them all and get the drying racks in shape like I told you. Tomorrow I start on a hunt that will clean every wild horse out of Mogollon Mesa."

The woman began preparing food. But Carnac seized her arm and pulled her down to a chair beside him. "Never mind the food," he said, and poured whisky into two cups. "Come, drink this. I want company tonight. Company, you hear?"

She took the cup and sipped at the fiery stuff with a cold shudder in her heart. For six loveless years she had known but a quiet repugnance for the man; but tonight she fiercely hated him. If only the whisky would erase him until tomorrow, she thought. And presently it did. She left him where he was, half sprawled upon the table, and went out to feed the horse he had left standing by the spring and relieve it of its cruelly tightened bit and cinch.

It was dawn two days later before Carnac rode forth to the hunt again. He was jerky and in a wicked temper from the lees of liquor as he pressed his roan mare up the steep trail that led to the mountain meadows between the rims where the wild-horse bands came to feed. Frequently he drank from a flask in his pocket and continually he lashed his horse.

It was still quite early in the morning when he concealed himself above a spring in one of the high valleys where the horses drank. The whole scene, except for Carnac himself, was one of ineffable beauty—a cuplike valley between the peaks where the grass grew sweet and short till late into the summer. Behind and above, the ramparts of the mountain range stretched away into remoteness, their phalanxes unending, their jagged white peaks biting into the very clouds.

Carnac had sighted a little band of horses feeding a mile below, and knew they would slowly make their way up to the spring to be viewed along his rifle sights. He had picketed his mare behind the rims above, and lay now full-length between the rocks. The noses of wild horses, he knew, were far less keen than those of other wild things; also they were slower in interpreting motionless forms.

POOLS of shadow were collecting between the rims when the faintest drumming of hoofs came to the hide hunter's ear. He glanced once at the breech of his rifle and inched a bit forward. A minute later he heard subdued ruckles of pleasure and glimpsed half a dozen graceful lifted heads above the rocks. Wholly unsuspecting, a band of seven horses were advancing into his ambush.

But Carnac, as the seven advanced into plain view, held his fire. His gaze was fastened in astonished admiration upon the leader of the little band, a magnificent black stallion that was quite the nearest thing to equine perfection Stud Carnac had ever laid eyes upon.

The stallion, a little removed from his harem, head held high, nostrils winnowing the air for possible danger, was a sight no horseman could look upon without an instant passion to possess him. He stood a good hand higher than the wild mares, whose coats were shaggy as bears', his short-napped coat as glossy as oiled silk, his mane and tail flowing like proud pennons in the breeze. His trim symmetrical legs, which could spare not an ounce of flesh, told of a pedigreed strain not too distant in his blood.

That the stallion and his little following were new to this country, Carnac guessed at once, and he was right. Driven northward and westward through the high passes of the Rockies by the ever-increasing tide of ranchers, the black had come to rest two days before among the peaks above Mogollon Mesa. Until this minute no man in the region had yet laid eyes upon him. But he

ILLUSTRATIONS BY MONTE CREWS

Netah was allowed to stroke the velvet-soft muzzle and finally to put an arm over the arching crest.

knew men; knew them all too well. Hundreds of riders had chased him and his band in the south to no avail. He was known among ranchers there as Black Kettle.

If there was one thing in which Stud Carnac approached a semblance of mastery, it was in his knowledge of horseflesh; and the instant he took in the stallion's perfection, the aim of his hunt was changed from slaughter to possession. The sheer beauty of line, the pride, strength, and grace of the beast brought a squeeze of rapture even to his deadened heart. To capture such a prize as this and tame him to his will fired Carnac with a fierce new thrill.

Alive and tame, the stallion would be worth a hundred times the price of his hide. Many men would be glad to pay, and pay well, for such a horse. And so the rifle sight that had come to rest just back of the stallion's eye was shifted slowly to the arching crest for the "crease" shot, which is the most reprehensible method known to stockmen for capturing a wild horse. The idea of the crease is to graze the animal's nape with a rifle ball, so that he is stunned long enough to be captured. But one hundred necks are broken to every animal that is caught thus.

However, Carnac was a marksman in a hundred even in that country of riflemen. The ball sped true to a hair. With a rolling thunder of hoofs the shaggy mares were off down the valley, given wings by Carnac's ferocious cry of exultance as he leaped up the slope to cut the picket rope from his mare. The stallion had collapsed beside the spring, and lay paralyzed, half blinded, blood trickling from his mouth, his eyes rolling white at the unknowable thing that had happened to him. Before he could lift his head from the ground the man had him a trussed and helpless prisoner.

FOR an hour thereafter Carnac sat on the slope above and watched the vain struggles of his captive as the great beast heaved and flung himself with desperate force against the first bonds that had ever held him. But the hobbles were strong and short. His only possible movements were a series of stiff-legged jumps. Each time he attempted to stride he plunged nose downward. The cage of his ribs rose and fell like a bellows as he snatched for air, till his breathing came in a whistle; but the wild white light in his eyes proclaimed that death meant nothing to him compared to freedom. Carnac waited on until at last the great beast lay still on the ground, worn out, his breath coming in windy sobs while actual tears showed on the black cheeks. His mane and tail were draggled with mud and lather. Then it was that the man arose and mercilessly laid on the lash until his arm was tired.

Two hours later he drove the stallion before him, hobbled and stumbling, down the mesa trail. From the cabin Netah Carnac saw them com-

I WONDER WHAT OTHER WOMEN KNOW ?

Some women have more curiosity than others

ALL women are curious about one matter, but their curiosity differs in degree. Some just keep on wondering, to no avail. Others are determined to find out. They are determined to find out *everything* about feminine hygiene. And to those others this message is addressed.

This message covers some of the past history, the reason for present confusion, and the final summing up of the situation in one word.

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There was reason, in days now past, why women should worry about feminine hygiene. There was every excuse for them, because it is natural to fear poisons and the only antiseptics powerful enough for the purpose used to be caustic and poisonous.

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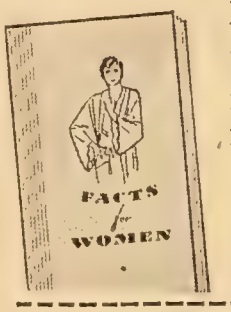

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ing; and stood fascinated with wonder and admiration at the superb beauty of the prisoner.

Carnac seemed in a strangely good humor as he shouted for her to come out. She approached tremblingly, her big black eyes tragic with trepidation. She had learned to fear the man in his frequent tempers; but even more terrible to her were his fits of evil humor, for then he was cruelest of all. She noted with a look of horror the clotted blood about the stallion's head and neck, the countless weals on his flanks from the lashing he had undergone.

"Look him over," the hide hunter exulted. "He is a prize worth more than all the scrawny wild mustangs in the mountains. You should have seen the fight he put up after I got the ropes on him! More than an hour he jumped and threw himself about like a cat in a sack, till the breath and strength had gone out of him. He is a devil—but I'll break him! He'll bring us seven hundred dollars down in the settlements, maybe more."

Into the rough log corral behind the cabin he drove the stallion with a lash, and the rest of the day he worked at reinforcing the enclosure with strong green timber. When all was finished, Carnac stood surveying the job with a grin of omnivorous satisfaction.

"He'll never break through that," he said, "but we'll keep the hobbles on him another week. Watch him well while I am hunting, and see that he does not kill himself, the devil! Give him grain each day; but if I catch you cooin' and mollyin' him like you've done with my other horses, I will—"

He did not finish the sentence, but the clenching of his thick blunt hands and the ugly light in his blue eyes was enough.

Followed three days in which Carnac hunted close to home and returned each evening. And each of those evenings was a time of torment for Netah Carnac. The cruel lashings were repeated again and again in the stockade behind the cabin, as the man-brute strove for mastery of his prisoner in the only way he knew. It was a desperate and unequal struggle between the power of the man and the proud spirit of the stallion. Carnac's ugly soul was filled with joy in it.

"I'll break him—I'll break him yet," Carnac would say when time after time the stallion would meet him frothing and whistling defiance, with bared chisel-like teeth that were ready and fierce as the talons of an eagle. But as the days went on the battle continued to hang at a balance. Black Kettle was made of different, prouder stuff than any horse the hide hunter had yet manhandled. Once, on the first day of his captivity, the stallion had sent forth a wild imperious call, doubtless to signal his band. But there had come no answer, and the fact seemed to bring home to him his utter powerlessness. From that time on no sound escaped him. It was the heart, not the spirit, of the big black that was breaking; but of this Carnac, for all his knowledge of horses, took no heed. Only Netah saw it.

FROM her first sight of the captive the girl had been subtly changed. Somehow his wild spirit symbolized freedom to her, and the daily battle that went on in the stockade was like a replica of her own silent battle for life and happiness through the years. Everything in her cried out that the stallion must win that battle. She could not explain it, but she knew that if Carnac was able to beat the pride and nobility out of this magnificent creature as he had all the others, it meant defeat for her as well.

In spite of Carnac's warning, the hide hunter was no sooner out of sight than she would go out to the corral and lean on the bars to talk to the captive. At first the stallion had jerked away at her approach, eyes rolling, his hoofs making soft thunder on the soil. But by degrees he let her come closer, fascinated by the caressing sound of her voice, reading what was in her heart through her tones; for horses are three parts psychic feeling. Everything about her was different from Carnac—a difference vast as the world.

The second day she brought him some lumps of salt from the house, and watched until he stretched out his velvet nose to sniff, then to lick tentatively, then avidly. Later she had climbed the stockade wall and held out her soft hand. He backed away but did not threaten. By degrees the loud rucklings of his nostrils quieted, the black lips closed over the long white teeth. Each time she went forth she brought some offering for him to eat, and always she talked to him in the watery tongue of her mother's people. The words sank into the brain of the stallion, soothing his nerves. His heart was being gripped and held by the unknown force of a greater and more masterful creature. Something in his spirit leaped back through the ages to that far time which marked the initial alliance between man and horse.

It was not until the third day that the miraculous thing happened and Netah, with heart beating wildly, climbed over into the enclosure and was allowed to stroke the velvet-soft muzzle, and finally to put an arm up over the arching crest and bury her face in the storm-cloud mane. That was a crucial moment, when the slightest undue movement might have precipitated a screaming attack of hoofs and rending jaws. But the moment passed and Black Kettle, though quivering in every nerve, surrendered to this new and wonderful friendship. For that moment Stud Carnac was quite forgotten.

"OH, beautiful, beautiful!" Netah murmured in the Ponca tongue. "Greatest of all horses. Now we are friends, you and I, and I must find a way to save you. I must!"

She paid Black Kettle many compliments after the solemn manner of the red men, praising his beauty, grace, and strength. And in the joy of that minute she was transformed into a girl again, with almost the sweetness and bloom of those old days before she had met Carnac.

For the first time in years she had something to love which loved her in return. What she whispered into the stallion's ear, what tears and prayers and solace she poured out upon his satin hide, only her heart and the spring wind knew.

But her happiness was short-lived; for at the end of the week Carnac said with a grin as he saddled his mare at dawn: "Tomorrow I take the hobbles off the big black, and break him—or kill him!"

Netah heard, and some of her died at that moment. She knew what he could do in the way of breaking a wild horse's spirit, and the knowledge made her desperate; for in that as in all other things Carnac was devoid of decency and sportsmanship. What was she to do?

"Get our gear together today," Carnac told her as he left. "By tomorrow night we must be out of here."

His growing greed had made him overstep all former daring in the past week. Not a wild horse now remained on Mogollon Mesa. Because of the coyotes and buzzards that feasted upon the carcasses up among the peaks, Carnac's position had been highly precarious for days. It was his determination to take out the black stallion alive as a final *coup* that had held him overlong. But within another day he would have cashed in with Gleason; then, with fresh provisions, he would head far back into the unsurveyed land where even the arm of the law could not reach.

All that morning Netah fought with herself—fought between the fear Carnac had rooted in her and the cry of her heart.

By midday something triumphant had risen up in her which passed the last frontier of fear—something the stallion seemed to have given her. And with it an idea flashed across the recesses of her mind, whispered perhaps by the blood of her Indian forebears.

In the afternoon she went again into the stockade, and after quieting the stallion worked a long time upon the rope hobbles that bound each fore foot to the opposite hind foot. He no longer struggled at his bonds except at Carnac's approach, and that fact worked with her. She wrought slowly and with utmost craft upon the rope, covering all traces as only an Indian could. Afterward she exerted her frail strength in rearranging the timbers at one corner of the corral. When he came to his final hour of battle with Carnac, Black Kettle would have a chance.

When all was done, she hung upon the stallion's neck for a moment, weeping; then went to the cabin to await the judgment of the night.

Carnac returned early that day, and very tired, three fresh hides strapped behind his saddle. He pointed curtly to the hides as he dropped them by the door. Fat had to be scraped from them.

Presently he moved toward the corral, his stock whip coiled like a long brown snake in his hand. Netah heard the stallion's whistling snort as the ordeal of the lash was renewed. And then she saw him move like a lion between the bars, and Carnac's sudden shout, a curdling oath. The hobbles must have snapped as she had planned. The stallion was free to fight now—free to flee when in his wild pitchings he brought up against those loosened timbers.

The shouts of the man were drowned by the crack of the whip. Netah hid her face. She looked again at sound of a bellowing scream. The stallion, a vast thing, rearing and terrible, turned to the attack, his pounding hoofs unhampered. The rearing head was an apparition of vengeance and terror. Tooth and hoof, he charged the man like an engine of destruction; and what followed blanched the face of the watching girl, sent her stumbling to the open door.

When all was over, there lay in the trampled pen a flat and ragged blotch which the stallion still watched suspiciously. Several times he wheeled and left it, only to turn and rear again, ears flat, teeth bared and ready.

When at last there was no more movement at all, the great beast turned and breasted the wreckage of the shattered stockade wall with a single vaulting leap. His high imperious neigh was like a paean of victory.

Over behind the cabin two riders, who had come up unnoticed in the gathering twilight, continued to sit their mounts spellbound.

"Good God!" muttered one at last, who wore the badge of a marshal on his leather galluses. "Your hunch about them buzzards on the mesa was right, and then some."

"I reckon this proves Gleason's story's straight, too," said his companion, a young cowpuncher. "Look at them drying racks. Around a hundred hides must have been stretched here."

"Enough evidence to put him away for three or four years. But that black hoss has saved us the trouble. I wouldn't wonder but some real justice has been done."

THE END

TWENTY QUESTIONS

Liberty will pay $1 for any question accepted and published. If the same question is suggested by more than one person the first suggestion received will be the one considered. Address Twenty Questions, Liberty, P. O. Box 380, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y.

1—Where was the first school for the deaf established in the United States?
2—What is the difference between match play and medal play in golf?
3—When did Benjamin Franklin die?
4—Is Newfoundland a part of the Dominion of Canada?
5—Where is Seward Day (March 30) observed as a legal holiday?
6—What was an *auto-da-fé?*
7—Effete means what?
8—By what names was Montreal formerly known?
9—What are large low horse-drawn trucks called in England?
10—What city first observed Mother's Day?
11—Who was the only United States President of Welsh descent?
12—Where in the United States is the town called China?
13—What is the full name of the author of The Lays of Ancient Rome?
14—What is the difference between an irruption and an eruption?
15—When was the union between Norway and Sweden dissolved?
16—What native-born American was three times Lord Chancellor of England?
17—What was the real name of St. Ignatius of Loyola?
18—Who wrote the words of the hymn Onward, Christian Soldiers?
19—After whom are the islands of Bermuda named?
20—Who wrote "If eyes were made for seeing, then Beauty is its own excuse for being"?

(Answers will be found on page 37)

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FROM A COP WHO

He Tried to Be Honest and Gave It Up. Here, with A Straightforward Confession of One Man's

AS TOLD TO JAMES

NOWADAYS in the Police Department we have a school for rookie cops; but thirty-odd years ago the streets were the school where a new cop learned his trade; an older officer was the instructor.

They gave me a uniform and a hat. I was a policeman.

For an instructor they gave me a fat Irishman, wheezy with asthma, who was known through the ghetto as "Dublin." He looked me over, scowling disapproval. He asked my name.

"Oh!" he said when I told him. "I thought at first you were a Swede. Well, it takes the Irish to make cops." He adopted me, so to say. In a few days I had picked up the routine. Afternoons we paraded majestically. There were neighborhood squabbles which we settled out of hand. With dusk our troubles became slightly more complicated. Drunks began to tumble about the street, to fight on corners or in saloons. We settled these amicably if possible, with the night stick if necessary.

Then, too, we had wife-beaters to deal with. Mostly we would just rap the fellow under the ear and hurry from the house lest the woman—as they most always did—turn about and conk the cop.

After a week Dublin whispered: "Now I'm going to teach you some tricks."

It was a Saturday. We went into a kosher butcher shop. An old and bearded man came up to us, rubbing his hands together. He smiled but wore a worried look. "Officer Dublin!" he said. "Good day, officer, good day."

Mike shook hands in the friendliest fashion. "Moskowitz," he said genially, "the b'ys at the house are giving a little parthy for Captain Corbett—grand man that he is, and that good to the poor!—and gob, I thinks, there's Abe Moskowitz, the little fellow with the big kind heart. Abe, I remembers immediately, will be glad to donate a few fat hens for the captain's party."

"Abe will donate a few hens."

We had a talk. I sat eying the boss, toying with my gun.

Moskowitz kept smiling. "Absolutely!" he cried. "Even if business is so bad I can't tell to save my life how I'll keep open the doors, I'll give a couple of chickens—like last time I gave two turkeys and a goose for Lieutenant Mann's birthday, and the leg of lamb for—"

Mike interrupted him with a pleased bellow. He thumped me on the back. "See? There isn't a finer man on the face of the good God's earth than Abe."

Receiving a pair of chickens wrapped in a package, he left them in a corner saloon and we went down the street. To each merchant Mike gave the same song and dance in his musical brogue. At the end of two hours we had, in addition to the chickens, a ham, a sack of flour, a couple of yard-long Italian sausages, a box of cigars, two quarts of whisky, a gunny sack full of fresh vegetables, and a gallon of vinegar.

At the corner a huge woman sat in a buggy. I was introduced to Mike's wife, and while he divided the plunder she scolded: "Thim chickens is mighty slim. You might have got three or four. And that dago sausage would no doubtedly be the death of any one so rash as to eat the evil-appearing—"

"Bridgeen, Bridgeen!" said Mike reproachfully. "Niver look a gift harse in the mouth."

She drove off with the groceries, carrying my share along to leave at the boardinghouse where I lived with my intended in-laws. Mike saw the shadow on my face and laughed. "Don't be worried about getting caught. Ivery cop does it. It's honest graft. We have to live. I get a load ivery Saturday."

But by the time I reached home I was still unable to avoid the knowledge that I had done something dishonest. I was shocked—and frightened, too. To my simple mind, trained by parents who were very, very poor and equally honest, a crook always would wind up in jail. Oh, I knew dimly that some didn't, but I was confident that they were escaping in this world only to suffer hellfire in the next.

When I got home Mame was sitting in the kitchen looking at the heap of groceries. Her parents did not un-

"Suppose we go along on this."

Talk WENT WRONG

a Moral to Be Pondered, Are the Reasons Why— Experience with the Devious Ways of Graft

EDWARD GRANT

derstand—they were inclined to welcome the small windfall. But Mame was wearing a certain expression. I have since learned to walk softly when she wears it.

Maybe I would have taken the stuff back on my own hook without having her point out that she had no intention of marrying a petty crook. Maybe not. At any rate I lugged it back to the rightful owners.

For that I received the reward an honest cop gets the world over. I became an outcast. In the squad room the boys dummied up on me, to use a modern term.

"God knows I tried to smarten you up," Dublin said, and went his way.

Well, I grew out of the rookie stage and got a beat of my own. And Mame and I rented a house.

Then I learned about pull.

My new beat took me down to where the tenements trailed off into railroad yards. At the edge of the yards there were two bawdyhouses, a fact I promptly reported to my captain. Looking back, I am surprised that he did not faint at my stupidity.

At any rate I was hailed the next

"Kid," he said, "I like you."

"I wanted to see what the honest copper looked like."

day by the gentleman who operated the resorts. Now, even to this day the sight of a panderer gives me an itching to smash his face.

He came up and greeted me cheerfully, winking. "The captain says you're a great lad," he enthused. "Suppose we go along on this every week."

"This" was a ten-dollar bill he was slyly tucking into my breast pocket. He had four broken ribs and no teeth by the time I was dragged off of him. That evening a relief man took over my beat, ordering me to report to the captain.

The captain did not mention the incident. He only said, meaningly, that I was to go see Alderman ——.

The alderman had a saloon. He waved the bartender to serve me whisky. "Kid," he said, throwing a pudgy silk-sleeved arm over my shoulders, "I like you and you and me are going to get along like ham and eggs."

"Like hell we are," I said.

I got "the sticks." I was transferred to an outlying station. I worked the dog watch—from two o'clock in the morning until noon—walking through deserted factory buildings. I left home at nine in the evening, rode three hours on horsecars, paraded my wilderness for eight hours, and then rode home for three hours. I did that for fourteen years. Because I was an honest policeman.

Meanwhile younger men went over my head to be lieutenants and captains, and a couple who had the right connections with political clubs rose to serve as chiefs. Fourteen years while my kids grew and needed shoes and dentists and doctors. I guess I was a mulish man.

In "the sticks" I walked through zero weather with beads of perspiration standing on my brow because Mame was having a baby and I couldn't be there without losing my job. While other cops went often on week-long benders and easily made amends by having some politician speak to the commissioner. And my oldest kid broke his glasses and suffered along without them because I couldn't afford seven dollars for five long months.

THEN I got what today would be termed a break. A young man who maintained a woman in a bungalow on the outskirts of town discovered that she was something less than faithful. In a tornado of mingled jealousy and love he killed her. The story became the sensation of the day.

He drove about the countryside in his two-cylinder gadabout, trying to work up enough courage to either kill himself or give himself up. I came upon him sitting in his car, weeping. Thinking the young chap was drunk, I climbed into the car to talk to him.

At sight of the uniform he jerked out a pistol and tried to blow out his brains. I grabbed it and prevented him, but lost my index finger.

The newspapers had a holiday. I became a hero who had grappled with a madman. I tried to help the lad's case by patiently explaining that he did not try to injure me. No good. I became the Modest Hero.

I was appointed to a sergeantcy by a rather reluctant commissioner. However, I spent a year doing noth-

I applied a policeman's shoe.

ing more than draw my pay. I was still a "wrong cop," as the politicians phrase it. I did not "take."

Then one summer afternoon a race riot flamed through Chicago's South Side. In the next few days thirty-eight people were killed, 543 injured, and $3,000,000 worth of property was destroyed. Every available man on the force did yeoman service.

We were earnestly striving to stop congregating, a most difficult job. And a club of roughnecks from the back-of-the-yards district got themselves appointed special policemen. There were, I believe, some three hundred of them, and they made our lives miserable by driving like mad through the colored area and occasionally taking a pot shot at some Negro.

A carload of these uninvited saviors of the white race came whistling down a street and in making a turn tipped over. I was a block away, standing beside a carload of newspapermen. I had only run perhaps three strides toward the overturned car when suddenly the houses on both sides erupted colored people.

The five special policemen in the car lined up and pointed their pistols bravely, but it seemed to me they would gladly have settled for a draw.

I was enraged at the fools for stirring the pot so many policemen had died trying to cool. I barged into the five of them, slapped the pistols out of their hands and knocked each of them down a couple of times and chased them down the street ahead of me. Did one show signs of lagging, I supplied a size-thirteen policeman's shoe where it would do the most good.

Suddenly this spectacle caught the colored people's imagination. They burst into laughter. To a chorus of it I buffeted those thoroughly untoughened toughs to the safety of a police car.

That appealed to the newspapermen and they did a great job of writing the story. It ballyhooed me into a lieutenancy.

The next few years were rather nasty. One morning just before Christmas I looked out my window to see an expensive automobile sitting in my driveway. On the seat was an envelope containing the bill of sale for the car, stamped "Paid in Full" and made out to me! I took the car back to the dealer. He denied knowing anything about it, except that a man had come in, bought the car, given my name, and driven away. But I guess he knew more than that, because I gave him the car back, along with a look I reserve for crooks who are about to answer me some questions, willingly or not. I heard no more of the matter. Another time a colored boy rang our bell, handed my wife a package, and vanished. The package contained a gray-squirrel coat. That, too, had a bill of sale made out in my name—and, miraculously, it just fitted Mame. I sent that back too, but oh, Lord, that was a tough one!

ONE day my office door opened and a man wearing fifty thousand dollars' worth of diamonds came in. I recognized him as a man high on the list of public enemies.

I said, "What the hell do you want here?"

He spread his hands placatingly. "Don't get sore. I just wanted to see what the famous honest copper looked like." He inspected me from all angles. "You look normal otherwise. Damned if I understand it."

Despite the fact I was given only petty duties, I was forever slapping some perverted annoyer of children until he was a basket case, only to discover that his father was an influential Democrat. Or I would trace down some hit-and-run driver, only to discover that he was a good deserving Republican. I was a nuisance.

So they had me switched over to become one of the "Twelve Apostles." Actually there were about thirty-five of us in all, sergeants, detectives, and three lieutenants. We were the incorruptibles. We did the dirty work—did anything that there was no money in, or where the culprit was one of no importance politically.

A new form of crime was coming in. A new criminal swelled up—the beer and alky baron. The politicians moved in with the booze crowds, and shortly a captaincy in the right district became an immensely valuable property. One district I know of was good for an income of one million dollars per year.

But I remained a mule—and an honest cop.

Jimmy Grant insists that somewhere I should offer a recipe for honesty among the police. I know the recipe, but I know also that it won't be followed. However, here it is: Elect honest city officials and divorce the police department entirely from politics. As long as any ward politician can get any policeman he wishes fired or transferred you can't expect an honest police force.

Next a butcher shop in a cheap neighborhood burned down and through a tip from a stool pigeon I arrested a professional arsonist who—after some persuasion—confessed. More than that, he got voluble—unfolded what looked like a big thing. An arson syndicate.

I took my man to the official who would prosecute the case. Being a politician he saw the publicity in it. He probed. The mess grew. Big names began to creep in. My politician acted true to type. He dogged it.

Mistake number one: I talked. Mistake number two: I talked to a newspaperman. The story blossomed in the newspapers. I was ordered to make a certain statement to them, an utterly false one.

I refused, and the politicians rented a safety-deposit box in my name and in it put some hot securities that had been stolen from a bank messenger. Then the political boss and his man Friday called me into their office. I could either back down or I'd be arrested, discredited, and probably jailed. I could see no way out.

I THOUGHT of my shabbily dressed wife and kids, of the loan sharks to whom I had been driven for money at times. I thought of the hours at night when I had been assailed by doubt, wondering if I had the right to condemn my family to the bare necessities when a turn of my hand would have brought them luxury. And suddenly fury welled up in me. All the mistreatment I had received seemed to be personified in the two ratty men before me. My pistol jumped into my hand.

While a pulse beats those men were doomed. Then the boss's mouth popped open so suddenly that his false teeth burst into fragments on the floor. The satellite dived, ostrich style, hiding his head under the chair.

I started to laugh, but in their utter confusion they had no chance to know that they had got a reprieve. I recovered first, and we had a little talk, with the result that the satellite went to the bank and came back with the melodramatic papers while I sat eying the boss and toying with my gun.

I went ahead with the investigation of the arson ring, and whenever I felt the insidious pressure of the politicians thwarting me I would get mouthy in front of the newspaper boys. But those damned politicians found another way of skinning the cat. The captured and much-confessing arsonist was released on a large bond that appeared from some mysterious source. His next appearance was before the homicide squad; somebody had blown his talkative head off.

And then my downfall came through a pair of socks.

The Gennas are almost all dead. They were bad actors indeed. And yet the Genna funerals were widely attended by silk-hatted and bulging-bellied gentlemen who in their workaday life sat in the council hall as city fathers or wore the black robes of the judiciary. This was because the late lamented had been cooking 40,000 gallons of alcohol per day. It cost them about a dime per gallon and they undersold the Capone price of five dollars a gallon, merchandising their poison at three dollars. They were earning at least a hundred thousand dollars a week and spending half of it with politicians.

Capone was displeased with these price-cutting tactics and he had a couple of Gennas and a couple of their henchmen killed. The Gennas killed some Caponeites in retaliation. Then they imported from Sicily a pair of professional murderers, Scalice and Anselmi.

It can't be proved, but some twenty-three murders are laid at the door of these two. The feud had enlarged to include a killing contest with the Bugs Moran mob. So Scalice and Anselmi went out one day with Mike Genna and another hoodlum and used Bugs himself for a clay pigeon. They riddled his car with bullets, but he es-

caped unscathed. This annoyed them so that they drove home in a pet, doing sixty miles an hour down a crowded street. Four Chicago policemen in a squad car ran them in to a curb for speeding. The first two officers out of the car were riddled with bullets. A third policeman's jaw was blown away. My best friend, an honest cop, was one of the dead.

The fourth cop, Detective William Sweeney, emptied his gun, picked up his dead companions' weapons, and fought it out. He killed Genna. The others ran. Sweeney pursued and captured Anselmi and Scalice.

A grand feat for one man shooting pistols against shotguns. He had his troubles later. His house was blown up, his family harried. Attempts were made on his life. He was offered a captaincy. He was offered a hundred thousand dollars in cash. But he held like a stone wall, and he testified against Anselmi and Scalice.

He testified at all their trials, in fact. The first time they were acquitted. He testified at the second trial too, although the papers gave more space to State's Attorney Robert E. Crowe, who made impressive speeches. That time the two Sicilians were sentenced to fourteen years—seven years per policeman killed.

But Sweeney got a chance to testify at their third trial. The Illinois Supreme Court reversed the decision and Scalice and Anselmi came back for another trial and were acquitted!

I WAS at that trial. I saw those murderous barbarians walk out of that courtroom as free men, thanks to the politicians. And I turned around and looked at my dead friend's widow. She looked pretty tired and workworn, and why not? She's raising a flock of kids on a policeman's pension. Of course the kids will be proud when they grow up that their father was an honest cop. Maybe they will. And maybe they will figure him for a fourteen-carat sucker for not getting his while the getting was good.

That's how I came to sell out. The socks? Oh, I was at the morgue when they undressed my murdered friend, and when they took off his shoes his feet appeared in socks that had originally been blue, but had been darned so often that they looked like Joseph's coat of many colors. I looked at that haggard woman and thought about those socks, and decided instantly that honesty wasn't worth the price we had to pay.

So I went over and sold out to the politicians and I've done right well for myself ever since. I've got my captaincy now, and a nice fat district.

I might get caught, you say? Not me. When I went crook I went the whole hog. Those politicians showed me the ropes.

When I toss all my rewards for this crookedness into one side of the scales and put in the other side honor, ideals, and self-respect, I'm inclined to feel that the balance is even. I hope to God it is!

THE END

I'd have sold out for a nickel

My best customer caught me unshaved

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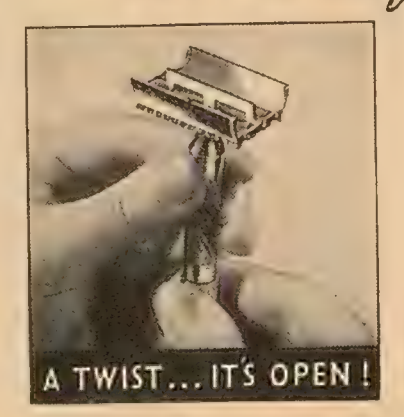

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Love Letters of a Prizefighter and

IN WHICH GINGER DIRECTS A DIRECTOR AND SOCKO LOSES HIS TEETH

READING TIME ● 21 MINUTES 35 SECONDS

Hollywood,
Califilmia.

Dearest Socko,

I would have written you last week but I have been so terribly busy trecking around the studios that I havent even had time to get my waves clipped.

Honest, this business of being a Hollywood extra is getting me down. One day I'm playing a ministers daughter in a horse opera and the next day I'm acting the ex-wife of a chink in a tong war. Really, Socko, of all the screwey ways to earn the cakes and lay-me-down, this cinema profession sure ups me, or does it?

On the square, when that dopey agent of mine sends me to a studio for work, I dont know whether I'm to emote as Ederly in Niagara Falls or if I'm to ride a motorcycle through Garbo's greenhouse, and who cares? Its a wonder to me my chassis is still intact.

And theres one other thing that gets my nannie Socko, and thats these swelled headed snapshot females who think theyre somebody just because theyve clicked as stars. Only last week I ran across a snooty number when I was playing a ladys maid to a " dutchess " on the Static lot. Why, the way she Park Avenued everybody on the sound stage was perfectly killing. And to tell you the truth she used to chek hats in a ham and eggery in Chatam Square. For crimps sake, how do they get that way? I wouldnt mind so much if she really was somebody, but her old lady used to dust the bannisters in a twelve story walk-up overlooking the L.

Really, I dont want you to go thinking I'm complaining all the time Sweetie, because I'm not. I just want you to know what I'm up against out here in Hollywood.

It seems all I do is sit and dream in my spare moments and wish we were married. Maybe if you keep on plugging the way youre doing in the fight game, youll become the Worlds Champ and then we can be welded and live like a couple of doves. Gee, if I ever feel your big strong arms around me again and your lips close to mine, I'll just go ga-ga and pass out of the frame.

Listen, Big Boy, before I forget it, I'll have to tell you about the goofy experience I had last week as it will give you some idea just how the gigantic minds work in Hollywood. It all started like this—

I went to see my big hearted agent Izzy Gold to give him a piece of my mind regarding the way he was handling me in pictures, and what I told him was plenty! I informed him that I was fed up being pushed around as a female comic and unless he could get me a decent part in features I would grab myself a new agent. With that I slammed the door and checked out.

Well, I'd no sooner returned to my pot-closet and bath than he gave me a bell.

" Listen, Cutie," he tees off, " I just got a hot flash from the Iris Studio and they want a gorgeous creature like you to do an Albertina-Rash in a big Russian feature. No foolin, this is the chance of a lifetime. Hop to it and knock em cold! "

Well, was I floating? A feature part at last!

I flew into my one and only silhouette sensation, had my waves set, grabbed a 15 and 5 and scrammed. When I got to the studio the casting director nonchalantly informed me that the " herring opera was *out!* "

Oh well, thats just a Hollywood custom.

Anyhow, I stuck around the lot for a while and one of

At last, when everything was ready, they started the wind howling and turned on the blizzard.

He's In Again—the Author of Those Hilarious Liberty Classics, Diana's Diary and Love Letters of an Interior Decorator. Here's a New Story, Funnier than Either

WORDS AND PICTURE

by BERT GREEN

a Hollywood Extra

the cameramen told me exactly what had happened. It seems that the big shots at the studio had imported a flock of well known actors from Russia to star in a super-production entitled The Czar's Knight and by the time that the troup reached Hollywood something went haywire.

Come to find out, the scenario department failed to dope out a What Price Glory plot for the Russian opera, so Mr. Ginsberg the head man canned the picture. The studio officials seeing they were stuck with a flock of high priced Russians on their payrolls, decided to go into production at once with Uncle Toms Cabin. Can you imagine?

ALWAYS MAKIN' BELIEVE
BLEACHED CORN FLAKES
ARE WE SHOOTIN' THE RIGHT OPERA ?
WHO CARES ?
HEY, YOU, LEAN ON THE HYSTERICS!
THE STEAK HOUNDS COME IN TOO LOUD.
BERT GREEN

Merciful Heavens! can you feature the panic? The cavier punishers squarked murder. They did nip-ups all over the lot. They felt that the studio was trying to ruin them and break their contracts. Well, the whole bunch started beefing at once, and as none of them could talk English the studio sounded like a free-for-all in a mad-house annex.

The moment I heard what happened, I camped on the trail of the director who was slated to shoot the picture. Finding that it was the good looking Eddie Goodwin—who happens to be blonde crazy and about as flirtatious as an auto salesman—I took it upon myself to crash his private office and chuck a big bluff—win, lose or draw. I opened up by telling him that it was a gosh darned insult for Mr. Ginsberg to hand a brilliant man like him the job of directing a black face comedy such as Uncle Toms bungalow.

Instead of being streeted as I thought I might, he hurled me a smile that would out-Gable Chester Morris. Really, he was so taken back by my colossal nerve he looked dazed for a moment.

"And who may *you* be?" he inquired, gunning me from wave to ankle.

"Just a little Hollywood star," I kidded as I parked myself on his mahogony desk.

"Oh! yeah?" he threw back, eyeing me suspiciously and drawing a silver cigarette case from his polo shirt pocket.

Seeing that he was more or less perplexed, I avoided his question and struck a May West pose that made him stop, look and listen.

"You seem to be loaded with ample nerve and self assurance," he chuckled as he offered me a cigarette.

"You need it in this business," I remarked, "but all kidding aside Mr. Goodwin," I continued, "youd be absolutely *mad* to megaphone a Steppin Fetchit opera like this. Think what it would mean to your reputation. Think what it would mean to your future. Think what it would mean to *you*."

With these few remarks I apologized for having burst into his private sanctorium and started for the door.

"Just a moment, Miss," he called after me, "dont go. I want to talk to you."

I made a half hearted effort to leave but he grabbed my arm and seated me in his big leather chair.

For a moment he stood in silence, studying me. "I dont know why I should take the advice of a stranger," he finally said, "but perhaps youre right. Maybe Ginsberg *is* trying to slip one over. Maybe he's trying to break my contract."

He looked peeved. For a moment I thought he would fly into Ginsberg's office and hide a knife in his ribs. Seeing that he was getting worked up, I put the brakes on and approached his ego from another angle.

"Maybe I'm all wet," I said. "Mr. Ginsberg may have singled you out as the *only* director who could shoot such a picture. He probably figures that with your brains and personality you could knock out a box office attraction

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that would out rival Halleluiah."

"How do you dope that out?" he asked, looking into my pale blue orbs.

"Well, look what happened to Von Stromberg," I said, feeling my way. "They slipped him a lousy story that must have been written by some short-stop in a nut hatch, and look what he did with it. He not only turned out an epic that broke all records, but he carried away the parts including the Nobel Prize."

On the square, Socko, when I popped that line he grinned all over and drew forth a bottle of prewar medicinal rye.

"Whats your name, Bright Eyes?" he asked, patting my hand and pouring a drink.

"Ginger," I answered.

"Ginger *what*—Ginger Ale?" he laughed.

"Ginger Ryan," I told him.

"Listen, Ginger," he went on, "if brains were books you could pack a library."

Well, to make a short story longer, Socko, Mr. Goodwin got very clubby and asked me a million questions about my experiences and so forth, which I answered to his satisfaction. I ended up by allowing him to hold my hand and promised to accompany him to Agua Caliente in his sport plane for no other reason than to split a whirl. The result was that I promoted myself into the part of Eliza in Uncle Toms Cabin at twenty bucks the day. Yes, and if I make good he's promised to make me a star, aint that grand?

Now listen, Honey, I dont want you to go thinking I'm going overboard for this good looking HE-man, because I'm not.

Well, old dear, keep that mighty right of yours in training and write me real soon.

Your ever loving pal,
GINGER.

Haymaker A. C.
New York.

Dear Ginger,

I just received your letter tellin me about the tough breaks youve been havin in Hollywood. Gee! Kid, I sure feel sorry for you and I wish I could shoot you some dough. The truth is I'm just after payin the dentist two hundred smackers for a new set of dishes I lost the night the iron worker poked me in the first round.

Listen, Ginger, whats this line in your letter about the good lookin director thats followin you around? Its okay by me for you to become a movie star and all that sort of thing, but when these megaphone maniacs begin holdin your hand and start flyin you places, I cant help thinkin theres an 8 ball in the wood bin somewhere. Listen, I aint jealous or nothin but if you ask me, that guy Goodwin aint on the level. No foolin, if he tries to put a fast one over just tip me off and I'll hop a non-stop crate and lay him like linilium, dont think I wont!

Outside of that Ginger, I'm tickled silly to hear youve at last got a break in pictures. Gosh, youve earned it. Only last night when I was goin through my fight writeups I came across a little photo of you when you were troupin with the Seal Act at the Bijou, remember? And now to think that youre goin to play Eliza in Uncle Toms Cabin, gosh, thats swell! Wouldnt it be funny if a Champ like *me* married a movie star like *you?*

The next time you write Sweetie, I wish you would be sure and give me the low-down on just how those pictures are made. Frinstance, write a blow-by-blow description of what happens, will you? Write about the one youre workin in and tell me all about it.

Tonight I gotta step ten frames with a baloney by the name of One Poke Mac Gregor who hails from a flag-stop in Wisconsin, and when I get through spreadin him on the canvas his mother wont know him from a pot roast.

Listen, after I win this fracas my manager says I'll be all set for the important sugar. When I put that baby to sleep my rep will be made. The newspaper scribes tell me that I've only got three more palookas to wing off and after that I'm in the BIG LEAGUE. First I've got to take Haymaker Hogan in Phillie on the 5th, then Battlin Burke of the U. S. Navy on the 10th, and after that Carnera. So you see Ginger, its all in the bag. After I get these three birds off my chest, I'll be set for the fifteen round go with Maxie Baer at the Garden.

So you see Sweetie, it wont be long now before your boy friends the Worlds Champ and then we can crash the altar. In the meantime, keep the chin up and dont let that Hollywood troupe throw you.

Listen Cutie, I'll have to continue this note later because I've got to scram now and get ready for my tussle with One Poke Mac Gregor. I'll probably lay him horizontal in the 2nd or 3rd round and when I return I'll finish this letter and tell you all about it. . . .

I expected to mail this letter two days ago Ginger, but when I went down to the fight club to finish off Mac Gregor, he finished *me* instead.

Now, please Honey, dont think for a minute I didnt do my best because I did. It was just one of those things.

In order for you to understand what happened, I'll write it all down. To begin with, I no sooner checked in at the sports club for the bout than my big hearted manager came up to me and said,

"Oh! boy, this mill is goin to be a pushover. I just got a squint at Mac Gregor. He looks terrible."

"What do you mean terrible?" I asked.

"He's fat an bloated; he's a cinch!"

So I smiled full of confidence and started for the ring all set to knock Mac Gregor for a loop. As I stepped into the ring the crowd began to cheer so I slipped them a very modest bow. I was just about to sit in my corner when the mob started cheerin again,

—this time in earnest. So I got up to take another bow. Just as I did so, Jimmy Lavinsky the welter weight hollered, " Hey, sit down. That aint for you; its for him! "

He pointed toward the entrance. I looked over and who did I see climbin through the ropes but One Poke Mac Gregor. My gawd! he was eight feet high and built like two gorillas. On the square, he looked like a mixture of Londos, Carnera and Zbyszko rolled into one. His muscles stood out like the fenders on a truck. He must have had 95 pounds on me if he had an ounce.

A few minutes later, me and Mac Gregor was called to the center of the ring by the referee and given our instructions. I took a close-up of Mac Gregor and he looked like some pre-historic monster that had escaped from a forest. He had battleships, snakes and naked dames tatooed all over him. I made up my mind I'd have to finish him off quick or I'd be reclinin in a funeral parlor myself.

Clang! went the bell and the panic was on.

Mac Gregor flew out of his corner like he intended to pulverize me. I ducked passed him, feigned a left jab and sunk my right into the pit of his stomach. He let out a grunt like a tire explodin. For an instant he doubled and when he straightened up, he began leapin and jumpin around the ring like he was on a red hot stove. I started backin away so I could get him in a corner where I could measure him for the count. But before I could get him twisted he clouted me on the top of the head with a wild swing that almost drove me into the subway and blew out my fuse.

Oh, boy! the gang yelled and went wild. They began rootin for Mac Gregor worse than ever.

While I was tryin to get my bearins, he swung a terrific left to my chin which missed by a mile. Seein him off balance, I countered with an uppercut that laid him on the ropes. The next instant he bounced off and came at me like he was goin to tear me limb from limb. The referee got so scared, he scurried for cover with his hands clapped over his eyes so he wouldnt see the murder. I surprised the mob by sailin in with a volley of lefts and rights to his body. It was like tryin to knock over the Bank of England. Then we clinched. We had no more than been separated than he let go a beautiful right which landed on my nose and uncorked the ketchup bottle. If it hadnt been for the gong, I'd be colder than an ice cube.

Somehow I managed to find my corner with my second hand nose swelled like a cucumber and the top of my head thumpin like a drum.

" Howm I doin? " I asked my manager as I flopped on the stool exhausted.

" Swell! " he yells back, " Mac Gregors all in."

Mac Gregor was sittin in his corner as calm as a clam smokin a cigar as black as the inside of a horse.

Just then I threw my head back in disgust and clouted the ring post so hard I almost knocked myself out. To make matters worse, one of my goofy handlers shoved the bottle of rubbin alcohol into my mouth instead of the water bottle. Not knowin, I took a long drag and it nearly floored me. Just then the second gong rang and I scrambled to my feet half blotto.

One Poke Mac Gregor came at me with his head down all set to mash my brains out. Somehow I met this onrush with an accidental uppercut that shot his head up and closed his right eye for the time being. Seeing that he was a bit groggy, I unfolded a terrific right to his jaw and as he wheeled around he gave me a look that scared the heart out of me. So I started to do a marathon around the ring with the cave man opponent chasin me like a wild bull.

" Throw em out! Throw em out! " the patrons yelled.

The referee seein there was a fly in the ointment, stepped between us an hollered, " Can the comedy, you mugs! What do you think this is, the Follies? "

By this time the rubbin alcohol began cuttin up. Feelin kind of groggy, I stopped short to plant a haymaker on Mac Gregors chin, but somehow I missed. He let go a wild jab and the next thing I remember was the birds singin and the referee countin over me. For some funny reason, I automatically got up on the mention of " nine." I was no sooner on my feet than Mac Gregor hoisted one

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GIANT SIZE
200 SHAVES

from the floor which I foolishly stopped with my chin. My new set of dishes flew out of the ring and landed among the cash customers. Just then the gong sounded and I wobbled to my corner all in. What a lovely evenin.

My manager poked his head through the ropes and said, "Listen, Socko, he's through. He's all in! All you have to do is clip him on the button and he'll fold like a tent."

"Where's my teeth?" I asked. "The upper set is somewhere in the arena."

Just while I had my mouth open, the same dumb cluck shoved the bottle of rubbin alcohol in my trap again. By the time the bell sounded, I was stiff as a coot.

Well, I pranced into the center of the ring. All I could see of Mac Gregor was the battleship on his chest and the waves breakin up against it. As we went into a clinch, Mac Gregor got a whiff of my breath and nearly did a fade-out. Seein him dopey, I clipped him on the side of the head with a round house right and the two of us flopped on the canvas.

The mob started booin and hollerin worse than ever.

Somehow I managed to get up and as I looked over at Mac Gregor he looked to me like a great big spider with eight boxin gloves on. The rubbin alcohol was cuttin up terrible. Just as I was all set to finish him, the lights went out for the evenin.

Honest Ginger, thats all I remember. When I came to (two days later) I was flat on my back in the middle of the ring and the fight club was empty as a bed. Not only that, but a circus was movin in.

I'm not kiddin you Honey, if it hadnt been for those two simple saps slippin me that silly syrup I'd be sittin pretty and Mac Gregor would be layin horizontal in the marble orchard.

You aint mad, are you Ginger, because thats the way it all happened.

Always your own SOCKO.

Hollywood,
Califilmia.

Dear Socko,

Oh, boy! what a washout you turned out to be.

You step into the ring with a half baked palooka nobody ever heard of, and he lays you colder than Grant. Am I laughing? If you ever frolicked ten seconds with a baby like Baer, youd be modeling for false faces. Between you and me, you couldnt fight your way out of an elevator.

I wouldnt bawl you out Socko, if you didn't brag so much but honestly, you're so stuck up and overburdened with baloon juice it ceases to be funny. Good grief, the first thing you know youll be having your hats made in a tent factory.

Take my tip Dearie, grab yourself a mail order course on assault and battery before you spend your days inspecting the canvas.

What a fine tramp you made out of me the night of the fight. I invited a bunch from the studio to come up and listen to my radio. Brother! and when we turned on the bout, whoops, my dear, it sounded like a silly symphony. My friends not only ran out on me but they gave me hell for ruining their evening. Was my face crimson? So, the next time you decide to fight, Sweetheart, tip me off and I'll take a nap.

Really, Socko, I'm surprised at you. If I didnt love you so much I wouldnt care how you made out, but I do care and thats that. So get yourself organized and shoot for the Worlds Champ. Just remember its the shortest cut to our altar.

You asked me in your letter to give you the blow-by-blow description of how the movies are made so here goes.

Uncle Toms Cabin, the picture I've been working in, is supposed to be laid on the bank of the Ohio River, but instead of it being there we made it right here in Hollywood.

First of all, we had to have a river so the technicians rolled a collection of steam shovels on the lot and dug a big trench two feet deep and almost a block long. They filled it with boiling water and then dumped tons of bees wax into the water which made the wax melt. When the wax cooled off and got hard, it looked like an honest to gawd river frozen over with eight inches of ice. Do you follow me Socko? Alright,—in order to make the ice look natural, they broke the bees wax up into large cakes and started them moving down the river by the aid of six lines of hose hooked to a fire engine (that didnt appear in the picture.)

The next step was to erect the log cabin on the bank, so a flock of wood butchers went to work and threw up a collapsable cabin made out of spare parts, chicken wire and plaster logs. While the cabin was being painted, two old guys that looked like Lincoln began making icicles out of cotton batting.

One rolled the icicles and dipped them into a stewpot full of parrafin while the other goof draped them along the edge of the roof so that theyd look like the real Mc Coy. In order to make the cabin windows appear frost bitten, a chemical expert touched up the glass with crystal camphor and when he got through, one look at the windows would give you the chillblanes.

I'm telling you Socko, they can build anything out here. No matter whether you choose a mother-in-law, a submarine or Buckingham Palace, its there in the morning.

Anyhow, when the cabin was finished they stuck a lot of trick trees around the background that were imported from the wilds of Los Angeles, Death Valley or Lake Toehold. If the trees didnt have any leaves or branches on them, they made them in the foliage department and nailed them on.

To make the scene look winterish, a line of trucks dumped loads of salt and stuff called "gypsum" all over

the landscape. When this was completed, the wizards sprayed the trees with shredded asbestos and honestly, when they were finished, it looked for all the world like the up-town end of Greenland and colder than a traffic cops heart.

Next came the lights, props, cameras and the blizzard machine. The way they faked the blizzard was a yell. They produced it by getting a couple of Italian gentlemen to shovel bleached corn flakes into an aeroplane propeller that was driven by an electric motor and believe me, when it started to snow, Battle Creek ceased to breakfast the world.

Then came the Russian actors I told you about. The Russians had to shave off their curtains, black their pans and become jolly old slaves from the South. On the square, they were fit to be tied. Rubinoff Rabinsky played Uncle Tom and as he had to look like he'd been caught in the blizzard, the director ordered bi-carbonate of soda glued to the hair on his chest.

Madam Vodka the Russian prima donna portrayed the part of Aunt Chloe. She had on a red bandana, starched panties and everything. As for the rest of the outfit, they looked like what was left of a minstrel show.

The Russians being unable to talk English, the studio signed the Four Mammy Singers from the Orpheum to dub in the sound. Mr. Ginsberg heard they came from the South (South Brooklyn, I think.)

Now, heres where I came in, Socko. I played the part of Eliza and in order for you to understand just what I had to do, I'll outline the scene.

First, I was supposed to be a young colored slave living in Uncle Toms Cabin with my baby two years old. Somehow I learned that my master was going to sell my kid, so I decided to grab the child and seram to Canada.

Well, in order to get to Canada, I had to cross the terrible ice floes while my master and a pack of hounds trailed me in the background. Thats the scene.

Just when we were about ready to "shoot," they discovered that the trip over the ice was too dangerous for a *real* baby so the casting director hired a midget and dressed him up to look like an infant. The yell was he was older than Trader Horn.

At last, when everything was ready, they started the wind howling and turned on the blizzard. The director hollered, "Lights, camera, action," so I picked up the midget and started on my merry way.

Oh, whata party! Of all the hectic jobs I ever drew in Hollywood, that topped them all.

Listen Sweetie, if you ever want to learn to be an acrobat, just carry a fifty pound midget in your arms and try to do nip-ups from one piece of bees wax to the other while the cakes are being whirled around by a lot of goofy firemen. I not only skidded overboard six times by the rice flakes blinding me, but the damed midget got so scared he nearly drowned me. The result is that I've been flat on my back with a black eye, the grippe and a double order of rheumatism ever since.

A great business, what?

After everything was overwith, the picture turned out so realistic that Mr. Ginsberg is going to give the director a bonus and a raise in salary.

As for me, Mr. Goodwin says he's going to take a platonic interest in me and make me a star. Besides, I'm to be his guest at the big Hollywood preview and after that, we fly to Caliente. Aint that grand?

So you see Socko, if a girl wants to get places in pictures she's got to ankle around with these big yes-and-no men and make them think they're aces.

Well old dear, give the pen department a workout and keep me posted on your behavior.

Your ever loving pal,

GINGER.

P.S.

In my next letter I will tell you what kind of a time I had with Mr. Goodwin in Agua Caliente.

ANSWERS TO TWENTY QUESTIONS
ON PAGE 27

1—At Hartford, Connecticut, in 1817, by Thomas Hopkins Gallaudet.

2—Match play is played by holes; medal play by strokes.

3—April 17, 1790.

4—No.

5—In Alaska.

6—The execution of heretics by the Spanish Inquisition.

7—Worn out and incapable of further production, as in a plant or an animal.

8—Hochelaga when it was an Indian camp, and later Ville Marie-de-Montréal.

9—Lorries.

10—Philadelphia, on May 10, 1908.

11—Thomas Jefferson.

12—Kennebec County, Maine.

13—Thomas Babington Macaulay.

14—An irruption is a breaking or bursting in; an incursion; inroad. An eruption is a breaking out or bursting forth.

15—In 1905.

16—John Singleton Copley (later first Baron Lyndhurst), born in Boston, May 21, 1772.

17—Inigo Lopez de Recalde.

18—The Rev. Sabine Baring-Gould.

19—Juan Bermudez, who discovered them in 1515.

20—Ralph Waldo Emerson in The Rhodora.

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A Story of Broadway Heartbreak, and a Girl Who Learned About Love

READING TIME ● 6 MINUTES 45 SECONDS

Words

IT looked as if Ken Barstow's chance had come at last. After over two years of playing accompaniments for radio crooners at a small salary, the manager of the station had sent for him.

"June Dawn will see you at two o'clock," he told Ken. "She's looking for a new accompanist." He gave the boy an address on Park Avenue.

Whether or not he got the job, he'd at least have the opportunity of playing over his new song for the woman—And Then My Heart Began to Break.

He had written the music first. The words had come later, and they had come from the bottom of Ken's heart.

At the Park Avenue address he gave his name to a doorman who looked like a Russian general out of work.

On the fifteenth floor he got out of the elevator and rang the bell of June Dawn's apartment. A maid admitted him and he followed her down a long hall.

The very air of the place breathed luxury.

"Mr. Barstow," the maid announced. Ken stepped across the threshold of a large living room.

At the far end a girl at a desk turned. "Hello, Ken," she said casually.

Ken stared, then gasped: "Myra!"

"Won't you sit down?" she invited, smiling.

The boy dropped into the nearest chair, knees weak. How incredible—that Myra Williams and June Dawn were the same person!

"Tell me all about yourself," Myra said, seating herself.

How ashamed he was of the way he had treated this girl! It was only three years, but it had seemed like three hundred, since her parting words that night back in the little dressing room in the Scranton theater.

"You think you are at the top of the ladder," she had flung at him, "and I'm at the bottom. Maybe I am now. But some day I'll be looking down at you, and I'll have to use a spyglass to see you at all!"

Well, she was looking through no spyglass now—but she might just as well have been, so far away did he feel.

"It's been a long time, Ken, hasn't it?" she was saying. "And a lot has happened."

Did she know exactly what had happened to him since that night back in Scranton when he came to her after the last show on Saturday night and said:

"You and I are through, Myra. There's no use stalling. You've got to know sometime. We're splitting up. I am going with Shaeffer's revue—*alone.*"

"Are you crazy, Ken?" the girl had demanded. Then, sinking into a chair, "But why?"

"Because I'll get along better without you," had come his cruel retort. "You've been a drawback to me ever since we teamed up five years ago. You'll never get beyond this lousy small time—but I can. Listen, Myra." This with a burst of generosity that eased his conscience somewhat. "I'll give you the act. You can get another partner. He can have my wardrobe. And look—I'm giving you an extra week's salary."

Somehow he felt rotten as he laid the money on her dressing table. She was so deadly calm. She had let him kiss her good-by and she had let him go. And this was the first time they had met since that night.

See how far Myra had risen—just as she had prophesied. "The Songbird of the Air," she was called. She worked on three big commercial programs a week. He had heard she got two thousand dollars a broadcast. And he—

See what had happened to him! He had opened with Shaeffer's revue all right: Lovely Lady. He had expected that the authors of the piece would write his gags for him; but Shaeffer expected him to write his own. Night after night Ken had labored; but the only comment he drew from the producer was: "If you're funny, I'm Lillian Russell. Listen, ham. I'm paying you to make 'em laugh. Now get funny or get out!"

Myra had written the act they had played together. She had thought up the comedy cowboy rig for him, herself playing straight in a pretty evening dress and singing while he played her accompaniments. She had even made their orchestrations. Because Ken got the laughs and applause, it had gone to his head.

With the help of the lyric writers, some gag lines were

and Music

by ELITA WILSON

Into that song he put the misery of the last three years. The longing he felt set something quivering inside him.

turned out for him, and Ken and his man stooge were definitely booked for the opening.

He had taken his place at the piano, had gone into the opening patter, and then looked expectantly into the wings for his stooge. The man had missed his cue. Then Ken lost his head.

Stage fright caught him. He dropped his hands from the keys, looked wildly about him—and fled. And the house burst into roars of laughter. Shaeffer all but threw him bodily out of the theater.

His agent advised him to go back to Myra—but he could find nobody who knew where she was.

Then Ken got drunk and stayed so for ten days. His money running low, he hopped a train for Chicago.

After weeks haunting agents' offices, he got a spot in a South Side café, playing piano between orchestra numbers, for thirty bucks a week. He lost the café job, and after that it was a hand-to-mouth existence. It was during this period that he had written the words and music to And Then My Heart Began to Break.

A BIT of luck brought him a staff job with a broadcasting station, accompanying. And now, after an endless search, he had at last found his Myra—famous June Dawn, the only girl he had ever loved.

"I want to know what you have been doing, Ken," she was asking again.

That braggadocio that was part and parcel of the actor in him suddenly shriveled up and died. He told her the whole miserable story. "And now," he said, smiling, "it's turned out just as you said it would, Myra. All that's missing is the spyglass."

The girl ignored this last remark. She became suddenly very businesslike. "About this job—" she began.

"Say!" Ken exclaimed, jumping up. "Here's a song I've written. Wait till you hear it. Just made for your voice—and you."

Into that song he put all the misery of the last three years. The longing he felt for this girl whose very presence, so close to him now, set something quivering inside him. At the conclusion he said softly: "I wrote that for you, Myra."

"It's very good," she said. She had turned away and was looking out of the window.

"When do you want me to start work?" Ken asked. "The salary will be O. K. with me—whatever it is." He reached out and caught her hand. "You and I together again—"

To his amazement he found himself looking into a pair of eyes that flashed dangerously. The very air about him had suddenly chilled. This girl before him was a stranger!

"You're awfully sure of yourself, aren't you, Ken Barstow?" she demanded. "A minute ago you thought you had this job sewed up tight, just because we once worked together in a ham act and I was fool enough to love you."

"Myra!" It was a cry of pain.

"It's my turn to talk now," she said. Her voice was like dry snow crunching underfoot. "Not so long ago you kicked me out of your life. You were too good for me. You didn't need me any longer. Remember saying that? Well—I don't need you—for *anything*."

Ken never remembered getting out into the hall, but he managed to find the elevator and ring the bell. He was about to step into it when Myra came flying down the hall.

"Let it go!" she panted. He stepped backward and the door clanged shut. Into the arms of a most bewildered young man the girl threw herself, sobbing hysterically.

"It's a lie, Ken," she said. "I'm not June Dawn. I'm only her secretary—and I make her orchestrations—and I was just being nasty. I can't let you go again! I love you so—and that was such a beautiful song. Oh, Ken, hold me close and don't ever let go of me—not ever!"

And Ken, because his own heart was so full, bent over till his lips touched her hair. He closed his eyes.

"Not ever." It was only a whisper, but Myra heard.

THE END

Right to the Heart

With One Swift, Breathless Scene the Curtain Falls on a Vivid Drama of Today

READING TIME ● 24 MINUTES 4 SECONDS

PART SIX—CONCLUSION

"Hello, people. I've never been on the air before—yes, I have. I'm walking on air now, I'm so happy."

FROM the small telephone room under the stairs in the little limestone house on Seventy-third Street, Otto Spech was calling Annette.

"Listen, Net. I'm over to Monty's house and I wish you'd come on over—"

"You're *where?* What's the matter?"

"Well, Monty's wife has skipped and he's all shot. He came round to my hotel—it couldn't have been six o'clock. First I thought he was drunk. He was all in, wet as a drowned cat. Far as I can make out he's been walkin' the streets all night. It seems he and his wife had some fight last night and she walked out on him. I got him to take a bath and put on some dry clothes, but I can't make him lie down. I can't do anything with him, and I'm—well, I'm kind of afraid to leave him alone. He's actin' so damned queer—I thought maybe you—"

"I'll be right over," Annette said.

Otto met Franz coming down the stairs with the tray on which he had carried up coffee for his master and this coarse, dumpy, overdressed little man. It was not the butler's duty to carry breakfast trays, but Franz was human as well as a butler.

"Hello, there," Otto said. "There'll be a lady here in a few moments. You better make fresh coffee."

"I'll attend to it, sir. And—er—begging your pardon, sir, will Mrs. West be here for breakfast?"

Otto squinted at him from under his ragged brows, a long quizzical stare. "You're askin' me," he said at last. "Now I'll ask you one. What about the row here last night? You hear any of it?"

The butler froze. "I *beg* your pardon, sir?"

"What for?" Otto said. "Now get this, bo: You don't have to strut this air stuff with me. I'm asking you a question, man to man, and anything you say *won't* be used against you but it might kind of help to straighten things out, see? Now, what happened?"

The butler's face relaxed. "Well, if that's the case, sir. It was like this."

At the final detail of Franz's recital Otto fell back.

"You heard him—spanking—" Otto clutched first the banister and then his middle and his thick shoulders heaved. He straightened presently and wiped his eyes. "And who is Mr. Hallam?"

The butler's eyes slid sidewise. "A friend of *Mrs.* West's, I believe, sir," he said and went primly down the stairs.

"So that's the story," Otto said when he went down

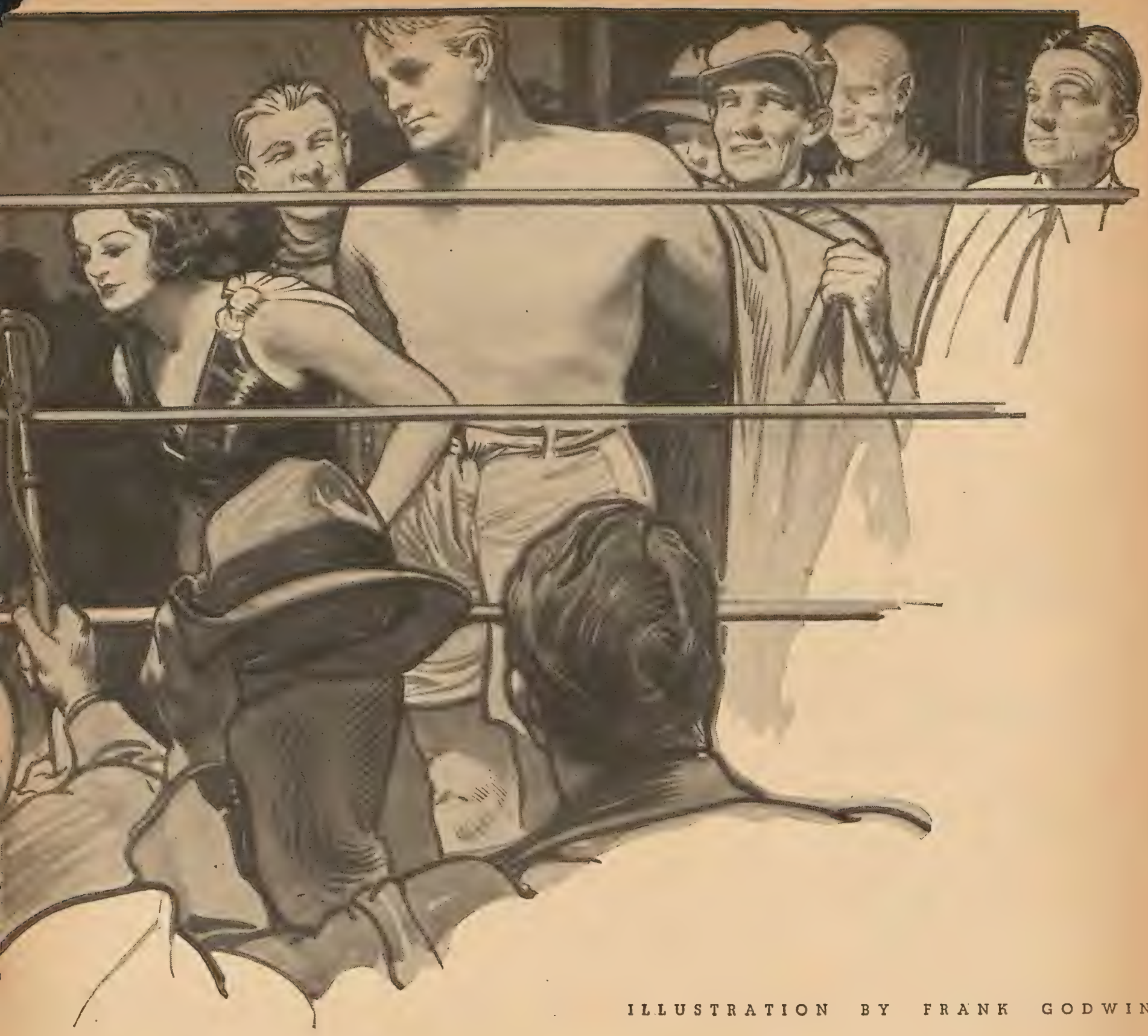

ILLUSTRATION BY FRANK GODWIN

by REITA LAMBERT

to greet Annette ten minutes later. "She's been foolin' around with this sweet-scented marigold—"

"You're telling me?" Annette said.

"So you knew all about it, did you?"

"I've seen her out with him a couple of times—at a roadhouse on the Post Road. Yesterday I called Monty up and told him. I thought—well, I thought maybe he could do something about it."

"Well, he did. He did, all right."

Annette dropped into a chair. "It's all my fault. He's crazy about her. He'll never get over it, Otto."

"Sure he will. He's got to get over it. She wasn't worth his little finger."

"She's made a door mat of him," Annette said grimly.

"Yeah." Otto ran a hand savagely through his hair. "But there must be some life in the kid yet. Look at last night! Look at him spankin' that dirty little what's-its-name!" He lunged suddenly across to the telephone under the stairs, began frantically to spin the dial.

"Hello! Is that the Gazette? Gimme Tim Farley."

Annette clutched his arm.

"I'm going to give him the best story he's had since Sullivan took the count. I'm going to stage a comeback for the kid. Hello, Tim? This is Otto. Listen, Tim." Tim Farley, sports writer on the Gazette, listened and Otto talked. Annette stood by chewing her lower lip.

When he hung up, Annette said bitterly, "Well, that fixes everything. When that story breaks—"

"When that story breaks," Otto gloated, "the kid'll be a public hero. It's got everything the people want—plenty punch, plenty heart. It's gonna make 'em forget all this social climbin' stuff that got 'em down on him. And by the time I get him back in the ring—"

Otto stopped suddenly, his thoughts leaping to that dazed and broken figure upstairs. "Come on. We're gonna start work on him right now, baby." . . .

When Holly opened her eyes, she was astonished to find that it was daylight and that she had been asleep. No

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one had seen her come home last night. Every one had been asleep. She had let herself in with her old key and crept softly up to her old room.

That shocking scene. Last night it had been blurred by her fatigue, by the bon-voyage toasts she had drunk at the ship, by her hot resentment against Monty. This morning it stood out, clear and detailed as ink on white paper: the picture of Monty with Ray across his knee, his hand upraised. The brute! The—the *brute!* She clenched her own small fists and sat up. Monty spanking—she grabbed up the sheet and rammed it against her mouth, fighting to keep her laughter down, appalled at herself for laughing. But, once released, her mirth bubbled forth in an irrepressible freshet.

That he should think she was in love with Ray. With *Ray!* Whatever she had thought before last night, this morning the idea seemed suddenly too utterly ridiculous. And it was the same with those restless brooding weeks behind her. They appeared as dim, as unimportant now as poor Ray himself. And that was something she must try to make clear to Monty. While it was all so blessedly clear to herself.

She dressed in a frenzy of haste and with the noiseless caution of a cat. When she was ready she stuffed her nightgown into her little bag and made the bed very carefully and neatly. No one, seeing the room now, would dream that it had been occupied. She crept out, hugging the wall—down one flight of stairs, down two. She opened the front door and slipped out.

She was out of breath when she reached her own house. She let herself in, closed the door, and stood listening. She heard the rumble of a man's voice coming from one of the upper rooms and, reassured, she started for the stairs. But, with her foot on the bottom step, she stopped and her free hand flew to her throat. She walked slowly across to a chair beside the console table and stared at the coat flung across its back. A mink coat with a flaring collar on which was pinned a spray of wilted purple orchids. She looked at it for long moments. Then she picked up her bag and went out again.

AND so when Mr. Sayles came home that evening, he found his daughter had returned to the paternal roof. His wife was waiting, an appropriately tragic figure, to tell him so. But there was in her indignantly flashing eyes a faint hint of triumph.

"So she really has left him," Mr. Sayles said. "I thought that part of the story was a lie."

"Story! What story?"

Mr. Sayles handed her a folded paper and pointed at some headlines:

PRIZE FIGHTER SPANKS PROMINENT SOCIETY MAN—MONTY WEST, EX-CHAMPION HEAVYWEIGHT, ADMINISTERS TIME-HONORED CHASTISEMENT TO RAYMOND HALLAM FOR ALLEGED ATTENTION TO MRS. WEST, NEE HOLLY SAYLES—

Mrs. Sayles looked up with blazing eyes. "How—unspeakable! How brutal! How—"

"Wait a minute, mother. If Holly *has* been playing around with Ray—"

"But she hasn't! Of course she hasn't! How can you think such a thing of your own child? Even if she had—"

"If she has, Ray got what he deserved. A sp—" He turned away and coughed politely into his hand.

THE name of Mr. George William West ceased to interest the society notes. But the sports columns and, rather frequently, the front page kept the public faithfully in touch with the activities of Monty (ex-champion heavyweight) West. On the day following the spanking story, headlines announced:

EX-CHAMPION BACK UNDER SPECH'S BANNER

And a few days later:

MONTY WEST AND WIFE PERMANENTLY ESTRANGED

Keyhole Peeps, with its finger, as ever, on the public pulse, commented: "If he stages as successful a comeback in the ring as he has with a certain charming musical-comedy star we might mention but better not, Mr. Spech has nothing to worry about."

Holly, reading it, tried to sneer, tried to see how beautifully it justified her leaving Monty, and succeeded only in shedding a few weak tears. Like a criminal drawn back to the scene of his crime, she could not forbear searching the papers for every mention of his name. Thus, late in April she read that he had knocked out one Fighting Dutch in a bout somewhere in New Jersey.

Mrs. Sayles read that too, and said, "I know it's not a very handsome bromide, my dear, but doesn't this prove again that you can't make a silk purse out of a sow's ear?"

Holly laughed, the brittle tinkle that was becoming habitual with her. "And me with more silk purses than I know what to do with!" she said.

Upstairs, lying flat on her bed, she said, "Son of a silk purse, son of a sow's ear. Daughter of a silk purse—I must be going nutty! Nutty!" But a child should have a father. It wasn't fair for a child not to have a father. It wasn't *fair*—

With Monty piling up victories in a series of early summer matches, it became apparent that the reigning king would be forced to break the unwritten law permitting him the right to wear his crown undefended for a year.

In July the Ohio Kid accepted Monty's challenge and the match was arranged. In mid-July Monty went into training at Otto's camp on Long Island.

Otto's North Shore place was far enough from the water to have smooth green lawns and shady groves; far enough from the highway to insure its

training quarters a certain degree of privacy; close enough to its neighbors to share in an exclusive post-office address. Annette Decatur loathed the country, but it mollified her a little to find that when she announced her intention of driving down to Big Tree Beach for the week end, her friends were impressed. . . .

Monty had taken the bridle path that afternoon. It wound through a tangle of underbrush and the trees made an arched roof of cool green branches above it. He was forever running these days.

After a little he slowed down to a walk and left the bridle path and followed a trail through the trees. When, half an hour later, he saw a clearing through the trees, he thought it was the beginning of the dunes and had struck off across the flat lawn before he saw it *was* a lawn. He dived through a hedge and found himself almost upon a tennis court. He had an embarrassed glimpse of women in light dresses and men in flannels and was wondering whether to run for it or stop and apologize, when some one hailed him:

"Monty! Monty West! Hel*lo!*" and came across the grass swinging her racket. It was Kit Bedloe, brown as a violin case in her white backless sleeveless tennis frock.

It was not only Kit he saw. It was the house on Seventy-third Street, his box at the opera, dinner table set with gleaming plate and strung round with faces. He could feel the old chilling paralysis creeping up his spine, swelling his tongue into a useless lump. But that had passed off before Kit reached him. They couldn't scare him now. He had nothing to be frightened of, nothing to hope for now.

And then the others came over, Bennie among them and Bird Sexton and half a dozen Monty didn't know.

THE men began to fire all kinds of technical questions at him. Monty answered them with good-natured tolerance while they listened respectfully, and the girls explored him secretly with bright excited eyes. Kit said presently, "Oh, Monty, can't we come over some morning and watch you box or whatever it is you do?"

Monty glanced down at her, a strange little glint in his blue eyes. "Oh, you wouldn't want to do that. You wouldn't want to watch a couple of pugs slam each other around, would you?" But they chorused that they'd love it and he said, "O. K. Have it your own way."

Later, walking arm in arm toward the swimming pool, Annette said, "I don't believe you care about anything any more, Monty."

"Sure I do," he said, and stopped and looked down at her. "I care about you, Net."

"Well—that's something."

"I've been thinking about you a lot lately," he said. "If I win this fight, it'll be due to you—the way you've tried to put some heart into me."

"The way I've bullied you," she said and laughed softly. "Let's sit down here. Look, the moon's dropped into the pool." They sat down on a slatted iron bench. She slid her hand under his arm. "You're going to win that fight all right, Monty."

He shook his head slowly. "I don't know—I'm afraid not, Net."

"Don't you *want* to get your title back?"

"Sure," he said. "You bet."

"You're lying," she said. "What did you go into this thing for if you didn't care whether you won or not?"

"I guess you know about that," he said quietly. "You know how Otto felt about it, and I—well, I thought I owed it to him after treating him the way I had. After leaving him flat. He could have made it pretty nasty for me—sued me, and all that. But he was too white to do it. And now—well, I'd like to grab off the title for his sake. But I—I don't think I can do it."

"Don't say that!" She grabbed his arm and shook it. "What's the *matter* with you, anyway?"

"N-nothing. Most of the time I'm fine—I'm great. Then, every once in a while I get a—feeling. I can't describe it exactly. A kind of gone feeling—empty."

She stood up, trembling. "You make me sick!" she cried. "You make me *sick*, you hear?"

He stared at her. "I do, do I?" He sprang up and caught her by the shoulders. "You don't mean that, Net!"

She looked up at him breathless as he drew her against him, and her face was puckered, her mouth trembling. "Don't, Monty! Don't kiss me—unless you—mean it."

She saw the sudden startled look in

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his eyes before he bent his head to hers. "Of course I mean it, sweetheart. Of course I mean it."

But she knew he lied. She had been kissed by men who were in love with her, had Annette, and there was no love in Monty's kiss. There was passion in it and a fierce and reckless hunger, nothing more. She pushed him away, revolted.

"What did you do that for?"

He stammered, "Why, because I—because you're so sweet."

"Because you thought I wanted it! Well, I didn't. I don't want any man to kiss me because he thinks it's his duty. And I don't want any man to kiss *me* because he *can't* kiss the woman he really wants!"

"I'm sorry, Net! I never meant— Listen—"

But she was gone. He sat down again beside the pool and buried his face in his hands.

Sure enough, the next morning Kit and her house guests came trooping over to watch the workout. After that it became quite a fad to run over and watch Monty. He treated them with good-natured indifference, politely refusing invitations to tea, to bathe on some one's beach, to play tennis.

"Getting to be a real social lion," Bennie said one evening in August.

Bennie was visiting relatives two miles away and came over nearly every day.

"Yeah, they think I'm real quaint," Monty said. "And that's funny, you know. That's damned funny. Now that I don't *care*—well, you know how they treated me before."

Bennie leaned forward, a quick eagerness in his voice. "You mustn't hold that against us, Mont. They'd have been crazy about you and you'd have liked them, too, if you'd really understood each other. I think you got off on the wrong foot. You were a prize fighter—and a damned good one. When you chucked that—well, you were just a common earthworm like the rest of us. The reason these people down here are crazy about you is because you—because you're yourself again."

"Just a pug," Monty said. "Not a clotheshorse sitting around trying to cultivate a mind."

"Nothing the matter with the old mind, champ," Bennie said, "except when you made the mistake of sizing us up wrong. We're not snobs. When a man's got something—something genuine, we go for him in a big way. Look at all the freaks floating around New York drawing rooms—greasy poets and painters, people like that."

There was a long silence. They were both grateful for the darkness.

"I've been itching to say this to you for a long time, Mont," Bennie said after a while. "I thought it might help. I mean, after this—"

Monty's laugh clattered through his words. "There isn't going to be any after this, Ben," he said.

HOLLY sat on the beach against a canvas back rest with her bare ankles crossed, her hands folded idly in her lap. Everybody else had gone off to cocktail parties or to dress for dinner.

Holly knew it was time she went in, made herself presentable. But she felt heavy and lazy, drunk with sun and salt air. When she heard the gritty crunch of hard shoes in the sand behind her, she did not turn around until Bennie's voice hailed her.

"May I sit down?"

"Why not? Heavens, you're brown!"

"You're no calla lily yourself, darling."

She laughed. He said it was hotter here than in Big Tree and had she seen Frankie lately. She said no, she hadn't seen any one lately; she was hibernating this summer. And they fell silent.

He busied himself finding cigarettes and lighting them. Then he began, "Holly, I—"

"Don't say it, Bennie."

"Don't say what?"

"Whatever it is you started to say. I know it's something you think you should say, and that you've come here determined to say it. I can tell, because you've got that responsible look—"

"It's because I feel responsible for—"

"You needn't any more, darling. I hereby absolve you from any—guilty participation in my—marital disaster. And that ends it. There's nothing more to say."

"I'll believe that," he said after a moment, "if you'll tell me why you haven't done anything about a divorce."

She dug her hand into the sand. "Because I'm going to have a baby in December." She ignored his gasp and went on matter-of-factly: "I haven't been able to bring myself to the point of divorcing my baby's father. Simply on his account—or hers—the baby's."

"Lordy!" he said. "I—I don't know what to say. Does—Monty doesn't know?" She shook her head. "I thought not. I've been with him quite a bit the past few weeks. He's been training at Big Tree, you know. Everybody's crazy about him down there."

Her lip curled. "Nice!"

"But he's—changed, Holly. That's what I wanted to tell you. Of course I don't know how you really feel—you're not as easy to read as he is, but he—he's never going to get over this."

"Over *me?* Is that what you mean?" She turned and laughed in his face. "Why, he was over me a few hours after I left him. Just because you *are* such a conscientious lad, I'm going to tell you something I haven't told any one—not even mother and dad. The morning after that night—the big scene, you remember?—I went back—early, because—well, because I thought I'd been too hasty. But I was too late. He'd already found consolation—in another lady."

"In a— You're crazy! He couldn't—"

"She was there—at eight thirty in the morning. Oh, I don't believe there was anything criminal about it. But there she was. In my house. Six or seven hours after I'd left it."

Bennie's voice sounded shocked and lost. "Have you any idea who she was?"

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"Oh, my, yes. She's an actress—Annette Decatur."

"Annette—"

"It wasn't the first time. She'd been popping up pretty regularly ever since we'd been married. I think Monty'd been in love with her for years, perhaps without knowing it. And I *know* she's in love with him. And I didn't relish the idea of her turning up every time there was a crisis in the Monty West family."

"But Annette Decatur! Why, she's—"

"So you know her."

"Of course I know her. Only she's Mrs. Spech now. She married Monty's manager about a week ago."

She lifted her head slowly and stared at him. "But—she was in love with Monty."

"I wouldn't know about that, but I do know he wasn't in love with her." He grabbed up her limp hands and held them close. "It's you, Holly, and you know it. He's all shot to hell. He'll never be anything without you."

"He wasn't much when he was—with me. We—we nearly killed each other, Bennie." She freed her hands and laid them against her cheeks. "I haven't the courage to try it again," she whispered.

He made a little hole in the sand, buried his cigarette, and stood up. "No, I guess you haven't. Well—Oh, I almost forgot. I brought you a couple of tickets for the fight tonight."

"What—fight?"

"I guess you know what fight."

"You don't think I'd go!"

"No, I don't think so now." He took them out of his pocket and dropped them on the sand. "But there they are, anyway. Maybe you can give 'em to somebody who will want to go. They're pretty hard to get." He started away; said over his shoulder, "Of course everybody knows Monty hasn't a chance in a million."

She sat on while the sun slid slowly down the distant sky. When at last she picked up the tickets and rose to go in, she was cramped and a little chilly.

SHE bathed and dressed slowly. Her thoughts were racing like wild things, for Bennie had let them loose, but weariness tugged at her body. It had not been like that a year ago. Then she had had wings! The tickets, two small bright oblongs, lay on her dressing table as she combed her hair. She supposed she should give them to some one. Finally she pushed them into a drawer and went down to dinner.

"I think I'll walk around the garden before it gets dark," Holly said when they rose.

Twilight had already settled. What time did the fight start? Last summer they had not left the house until nearly ten. And they had been in time. She should have given the tickets away. It was all nonsense about Monty's losing. Monty couldn't lose. The title was *his*.

She hurried down to the beach and crept around the boathouse and called up toward the terrace, "Dad, will you come down here? I think there's something the matter with the bolt on the boathouse door."

Mr. Sayles's boats were his passion. He came running, scowling, to where Holly waited for him on the sand.

"The bolt's all right, dad. I just wanted to ask you something. I didn't want mother to hear." Suddenly she took his lapels in her two hands. "Dad, Bennie brought me two tickets for the fight—the big fight, you know. Monty's fight. Will you take me?"

"Good Lord! You—why, pet, you don't want to—"

"I do. I've got to go, dad. If you won't take me, I'll have to go alone."

"Alone! You can't—"

"I'll run up and change my dress. I want to put on another dress. We can tell mother afterward—"

"No." He took her by the shoulders, steady and firm. "I'll tell her while you're changing. It will be better. She may as well know that this is your affair."

JUST as it had been a year ago. The huge bowl buzzing, humming, roaring. The smell of warm bodies and smoke. The little platform in the white glare of floodlights and the two little figures darting and slapping at each other. Even the seats were almost the same—close to the ringside. And when they had reached them, Holly saw that one of the little figures was an incredibly lithe and agile red-haired boy and that the other one was Monty.

"Slap him down, Kid!"— "Come on, Monty!"

"How's it coming? What round is this?" Mr. Sayles asked a man beside him, and told Holly, "This is the third round."

Holly nodded, her hand at her throat. Monty! A year ago he had fought with the good-humored ease, the buoyant grace of a man performing solely for his own and his audience's pleasure. Tonight his face was grim and his eyes wary. Holly could see his chest heaving.

When the bell rang Monty went to his corner smiling, a sheepish, half-apologetic grin. Holly caught words coming through the shouting uproar: "—tired, that's all." —"Tired! He's *through!*" — "Through, hell! He hasn't begun!"— "Oh, yeah! Well, watch this!"

Holly held her fisted hand against her mouth and watched. What was the *matter* with Monty? Why didn't he hit that red-haired boy—there! No, the Kid had hit Monty. She saw his legs crumple and straighten. Some one groaned, "Gee, what a wallop!" Now Monty was dancing away as if he were afraid. Now his arms flashed and the Kid was down—was up. The bell rang.

"What's the matter with Monty, dad? Why doesn't he *fight?*"

"He's fighting."

"What's the score—you know what I mean?"

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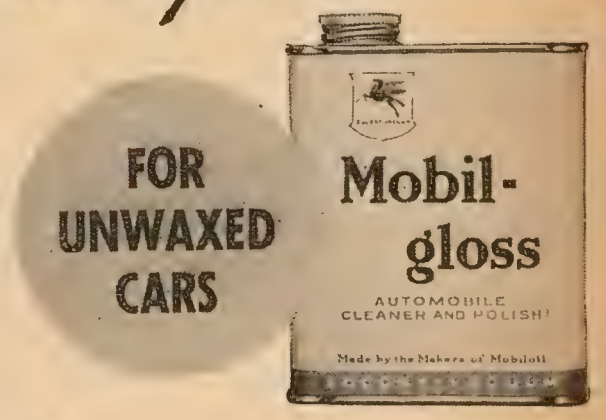

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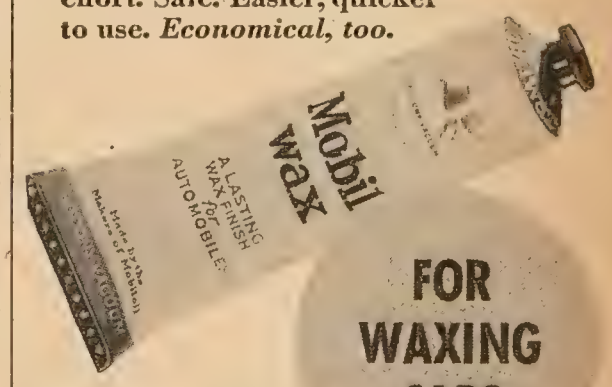

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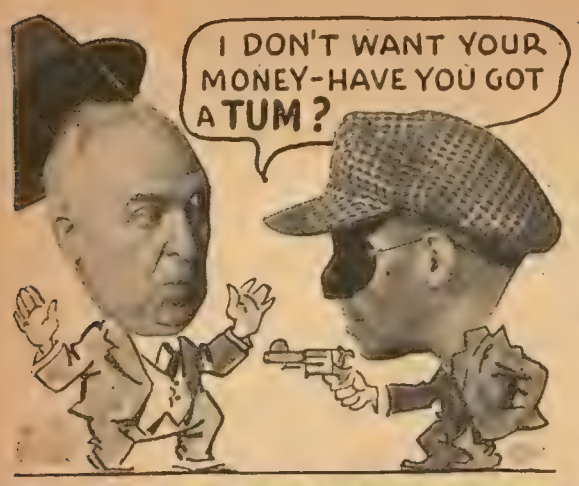

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"Well, Monty has a couple of rounds, I think."

"He's got to have them *all!*"

Out they came again. Bedlam now. Choked silences, thud of blows, bedlam again.

Suddenly a man directly behind Holly leaned forward and shouted, "Slay the big stiff, Kid!"

It was more than she could bear. She leaped up on the seat and cupped her hands around her mouth. The bell rang but no louder than her voice, "*Kill* him, Monty! Kill him next time, darling!"

Monty had almost reached his corner. The voice hit him like a blow and he staggered. Then he straightened and shook off the hands of his handlers. He thrust his face forward, peering out over the ring. Others were looking, too, at the girl in the red chiffon dress standing on her seat and waving frantically, waving a man's hat—her father's new panama. Here was something! And Monty's voice came singing, glad and powerful, "O. K., baby! *O. K.!*"

And the bell again. And Monty fighting. Everybody gone mad, standing on their seats, yelling themselves voiceless. Blows coming straight and sure and devastating. "He's down!"—"One, two, three—" The red-haired boy lying prone. "—seven, eight, nine, ten!" — "Champ! Champ! Champ!"

"Hey, let go! I've got to see some one—"

"For Gawd's sake, champ—"

"Hey, Otto! Get Holly. Look—there—she's coming—"

"—a few words into the mike—"

"Damn your mike. Holly!"

"You had to win, darling. You had to win for his sake—"

"Whose sake? What—"

"You know—the baby's—"

"Holly!"

"—a few words into the mike now, champ. Your public—"

"Keep that gang away from my wife, Otto. O. K. . . . Hello, folks. I—I'd just like to say that—that *I* didn't knock out the Kid. My wife did it. And here she is. . . . Sweetheart, you tell 'em."

"Swell! Great! . . . Introducing Mrs. Champ West, folks, the most beautiful little lady—"

"Monty, I can't! Oh, well— . . . Hello, people. I've never been on the air before—yes, I have. I'm walking on air now, because I'm so happy."

"Atta girl!"

"Was that all right? Oh, *Monty!*"

"Yes, sweet, that was fine. Well, *let* 'em look—they've seen a man hug his wife before! Holly, what did you mean about—when you said—Holly—"

"Oh, come on *home* and I'll tell you!"

Otto Spech felt a tug at his sleeve and turned to find a certain freckled-faced reporter at his elbow. "Hey, listen, Otto. I heard her say something—well, listen. Would it be all right to run something in my story about a—you know—blessed event?"

Otto shook him off and dusted his sleeve. "Hell, ain't you got *no* refinement?" he said.

THE END

YOUR NAME IS WRITTEN IN THE STARS

by HELENE PAUL

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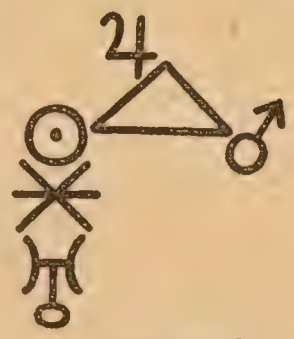
SUN MERCURY URANUS JUPITER SATURN MARS



The astrograph of Clark Gable

WOULD it surprise you to learn that Clark Gable is *not* a ladies' man? Well, he isn't. His signature shows that he is quite the opposite.

Looking over the signs portrayed in his combination, we find that the Moon, which always stands for the feminine element, is conspicuously absent.

As much as I dislike to shatter the dreams of the screen-star fans, I must say in all fairness that women do not play the important part in his life his screen roles would lead the public to believe. Mr. Gable is a man's man. The Sun and Mercury are very well aspected by Uranus, the planet of new inventions. This would indicate that all his thoughts, hopes, and wishes lie in the direction of his chosen field.

But if anything happened to take him out of this environment, he need not worry about ways and means of keeping away the big bad wolf. His planet Jupiter, close to Saturn and favorably aspected by Mars, shows that he is able to attract money in more than one way, and once getting it, he knows how to take care of it. His investments will always be carefully chosen, and if they should by any mischance turn out badly, it will not be because Mr. Gable hasn't investigated them thoroughly.

However, he will always have the faculty for making money, even after he has ceased to be a screen idol, so there isn't much danger of the Gables going FERA.

Next week--Al Smith.

To the Ladies!

by PRINCESS ALEXANDRA KROPOTKIN

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● Every day this enterprising lady florist sends a thousand buttonhole bouquets to gentlemen who feel more debonair with a sprig of this or that on their lapels.

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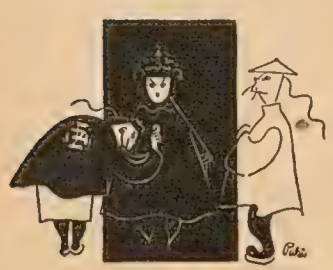


For instance:

A young man looked out of his office window, looked at a window in the opposite building, saw *the* blonde of his soul's desire. He phoned Gurney Chrysler; said, "Send that girl a bunch of flowers every day!" He didn't know the girl's name or anything about her. He just described her—but rapturously! And from nothing but his description Gurney spotted that blonde among the hundreds of girls who worked in the same building, scraped up an acquaintance with her, learned her name, started sending her flowers every day. How's *that* for service?

The rest of this sounds like a fairy tale, but it's absolutely true. Young man finally met blonde, wooed and won her. Gurney Chrysler recently sent flowers for the christening of their first baby.

● Physical examination is compulsory for brides and grooms who take part in the mass marriages now being performed by the Chinese government. Fifty-seven Shanghai couples recently were married in one batch for seven dollars a pair—including wedding presents for the bride.

Many of our own sociologists believe that physical examination should be required of all applicants for marriage licenses.

● Leon Gordon, the artist, took Jerome, his twelve-year-old son, out to dinner. It was their first adventure as a couple of men in a man's world. "Your mother always gives you a light supper," said Pa Gordon. "What do you want tonight? Eggs?"

"What do *you* want?" said Jerome. "Do you want eggs?"

Artist Gordon is an honest man. He is even an honest father—which is much more difficult. "No," he replied, "I don't want eggs. I want a great big pig's knuckle with sauerkraut, and a big stein of beer."

"So do I," was Jerome's prompt response.

So that's what they ordered. In Jerome's case the beer was considerably diminished, but otherwise he sat up and took his full share of the gluttony.

Then they went home. Pa Gordon stayed awake all night, fearing the boy would develop a terrific bellyache.

Boy slept like a top.

Now they are *really* joined in comradeship. Both have discovered each other to be good sports.

A judicious measure of dissipation seems to cement the bond between fathers and sons. It would be fortunate, I think, if all fathers understood this.

● A joke on me is circulating among the internationally-minded girls and boys. "Alexandra Kropotkin," they say, "is Peter Kropotkin's daughter. He fought for Liberty—and she writes for it." Ha-ha!

● In a taxicab, on his way to take a boat for Europe, Louis Bromfield, the novelist, cleaned out his pockets. He tore up and threw away all the accumulated trash he had been carrying around. By accident he tore up and threw away his ticket to Europe. This caused him a good deal of inconvenience—even some frenzy.

Hailing a taxicab, on my way to call on Gladys Swarthout (who had just moved to a new address), I decided first to make a brief stop at the florist's. On the way there I cleaned out my pocketbook, tore up and threw away accumulated trash—including the new address of Miss Swarthout, which I had noted down carefully on the back of an envelope. This caused me inconvenience—made me swear, if you want the truth.

Why do we keep our pockets or our pocketbooks in such uncivilized disorder, so that when we finally clean them out we are almost always sure to throw away something of value?

● Everybody talks about Russia. For a thoroughly readable and entertaining panorama of the Soviet scene try Eugene Lyons's book, Moscow Carrousel. (Published by Alfred A. Knopf.)

● Our new summer shoes will be bright, lively, prankish in color. By daylight we'll wear beige suède shoes with royal-blue strappings, wine-red piped with almond green, pale-blue kid with red and gray.

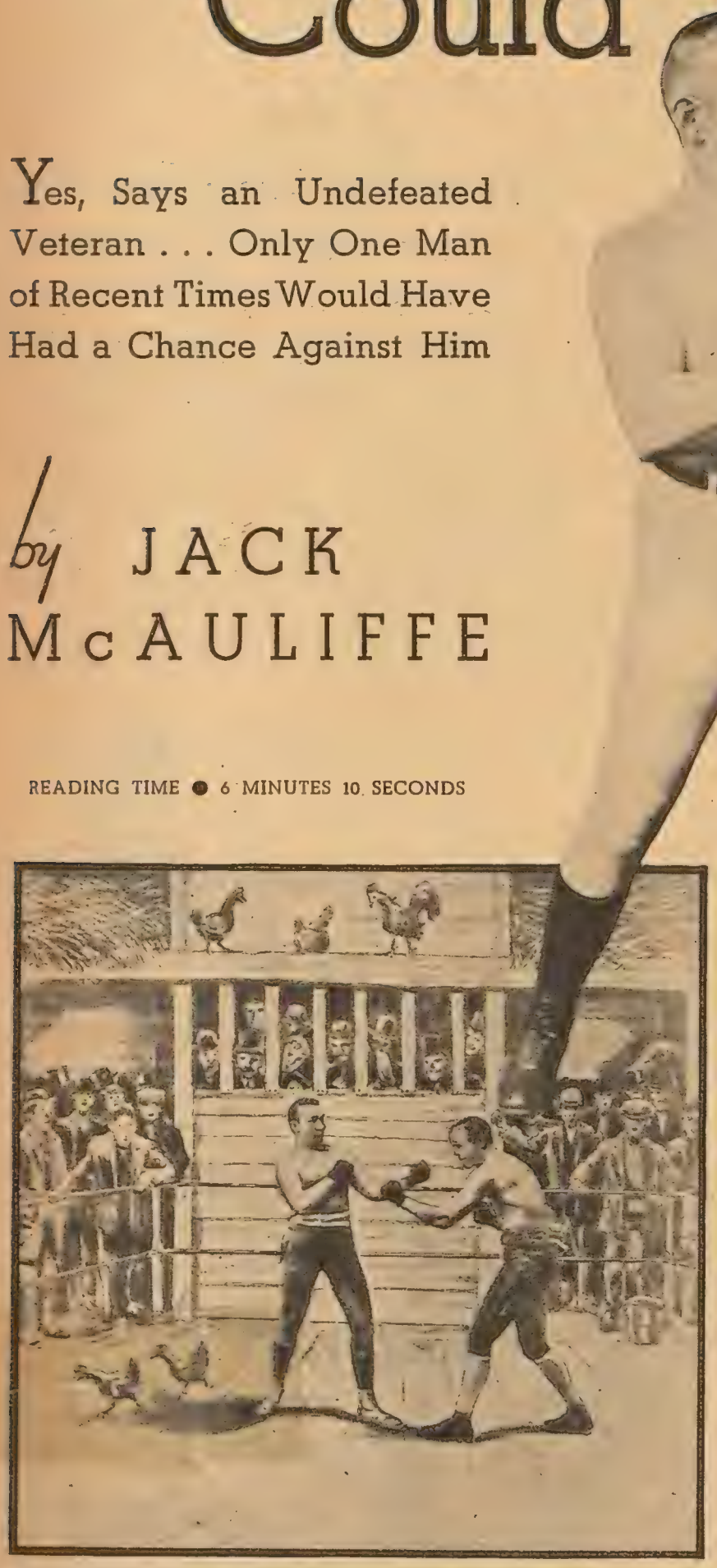
Likewise will our slippers for afternoon and evening be varicolored. I have seen one summer dress of wispy beige chiffon, corsage of yellow buttercups, and dark-blue slippers trimmed with lemon.

Could John L. be a

Yes, Says an Undefeated Veteran . . . Only One Man of Recent Times Would Have Had a Chance Against Him

by JACK McAULIFFE

READING TIME ● 6 MINUTES 10 SECONDS



Jack McAuliffe and Jem Carney in their 74-round battle at Revere Beach in 1887—as a ringside artist saw them.

THE fight that Primo Carnera put up against Max Baer last year was the dumbest defense of a championship title that I had ever witnessed.

Jim Jeffries had it right. When he was asked before the scrap who he thought would win, Jeff replied, "Well—I wish both of them had been around twenty years ago."

That was a champion of the past expressing his opinion of the champions of today. To that opinion I am now adding my own as another champion of other days.

Ever since Dempsey dethroned the gigantic Willard at Toledo the question of how modern ring champions would have fared against the old-time fighters has been a popular subject for debate. Even old-timers can't agree on it—and there is no way to decide who is right.

John L.—"my pick as all-time champ."

I will say this: I can pick a dozen former champions and others who never won a title, even down to welterweights, who would have stepped inside the wild swings of Max Baer and knocked his head off. Imagine what would have happened if it had been Bob Fitzsimmons instead of Carnera in that ring with Baer in the Long Island City bowl! Or Joe Walcott—and Walcott was only a welterweight! Or even Tommy Ryan—a middleweight! Or Stanley Ketchel—another middleweight!

On the other hand, it is my personal opinion that Gene Tunney, who can be classed as a modern champion, was the best heavyweight champion the ring has known since John L. Sullivan lost his title to Jim Corbett in 1892 in a mammoth fight carnival at New Orleans in which I defended my lightweight title by knocking out Billy Myers, the "Streator Cyclone," in fifteen rounds.

The comparative merits of Gene Tunney and Jim Corbett have frequently been debated. Most of the old-timers will string along with Corbett. In my opinion Tunney would have beaten Corbett at his best, because Tunney was a more damaging hitter and as good a boxer, if not a better one. Besides, Tunney had the better ring temperament.

Jim Corbett never would have weathered that seventh round against Dempsey in Chicago in the way that Tunney did to come out with his title intact. And had it been Tunney instead of Corbett in the ring with Bob Fitzsimmons in Carson City in 1897, Fitz would never have survived that sixth round when he was on the floor. I was in the training camps of both Tunney and Dempsey before their first fight in Philadelphia, and I picked Tunney to take Dempsey's title then. I think he would have beaten Dempsey at his best.

I will go even further. I was in John L. Sullivan's corner and his chief adviser in the fight in which he lost the title to Corbett in the twenty-first round in 1892 --and I firmly believe that the Tunney who beat Dempsey twice would have finished Sullivan that night inside of twelve rounds.

Yet it is my opinion that the Sullivan who beat Paddy Ryan, and for five years after that, was the greatest

Champ Today?

champion the ring has ever known. It was only when the life of dissipation that he led caused the fat to accumulate around his vital organs that he began to come down to the level of those who were coming up.

The Sullivan who beat Paddy Ryan for the title is my pick as "all-time" heavyweight champion. My second choice is a modern fighter — Gene Tunney.

Benny Leonard was another great modern champion, because he was a marvel at countering and always knew what to do in the ring. When he met men nearly his equal he outsmarted them. In my opinion, he was as great a lightweight champion as Joe Gans. I am glad Benny wasn't around when I was defending the title.

But, aside from Tunney and Leonard, none of the ring champions of the past decade would have had even a remote chance against some old-time fighters who never even attained a title. And the difference isn't so much a matter of physical inferiority as of proper instruction, training and handling, and of mental attitude.

Bill Brown was right—Max Baer was in no fit condition to fight for a title. He won it because opposed to him was Carnera, a huge fighter with plenty of physical equipment but who didn't know the first rudiments of attack and defense and who had nobody in his corner to coach him properly.

Gene Tunney. Jack rates him second.

The Jack McAuliffe of today. Not only did he retire as undefeated lightweight champion of the world but he is the one fighter the ring has known who never met defeat. He is now—though you wouldn't think it—sixty-nine, and is executive head of a business in New York City.

It was different in the old days. There was no "show business" mixed in with our training. Trainers who knew how to condition fighters bossed the job, and experienced fighters who knew how to win fights themselves were in our corners when a fight was staged.

I am certain that no modern fighter, trained and handled as they are today, could have fought through the seventy-four-round draw that I fought with Jem Carney in a deserted summer hotel at Revere Beach, just outside of Boston, on the night of November 16, 1887.

That fight lasted four hours and fifty-five minutes—and I remember that it was fought with skintight gloves. There were only forty spectators present—though this was an international fight for the lightweight championship of the world. There were no gate receipts, the fight being for a side bet of $2,500 and the title. In my corner I had the original Jack Dempsey, the Nonpareil, one of the greatest fighters of that day, and his brother, "Con."

Carney was a durable fighter and a shifty one. He well merited his title of lightweight champion of England, which in those days had some great fighters. By the end of the twenty-fifth round we were both badly battered, but fought on as viciously as ever. In the sixty-ninth round Carney butted me under the chin with his head and knocked me flat on my back. Dempsey loudly yelled a claim of foul. The referee disallowed it, and the fight continued. In the seventieth Carney brought up his knee in a clinch and kicked me in the abdomen. It was a deliberate foul, and my seconds and friends again claimed victory. Again the referee refused to allow the claim. In the middle of the seventy-fourth we went into a clinch, tripped and fell to the board floor with Carney on top of me. He either refused to or couldn't get up. In the midst of the resulting excitement the referee stopped the fight and called it a draw. We were both badly beaten up, but I was in condition to continue and actually felt strong after those seventy-four grueling rounds with skintight gloves. I had been trained for endurance. That was the closest I ever came to being defeated in the ring.

THERE was another difference that sent the fighters of those days into the ring with a different mental attitude. You or your friends risked their own money on the outcome; there was no purse and no loser's end—you had to win to get any money out of the fight.

If one of the modern contenders for the heavyweight title, for instance, were to clash with the tough men of a quarter century or more ago—Fitzsimmons, Jeffries, Peter Jackson, Sam Langford, Jack Johnson, Joe Choynski, or even Joe Walcott the welterweight—you'd find he didn't have a chance, because the methods of training today are all wrong. The fighters need more aggressiveness, endurance, hardiness—and these cannot be developed merely through an hour or two of gymnasium work.

Given the same conditions and the same urge to fight, with the exclusion of all other interests, there is no reason why the present crop of fighters wouldn't be the equal if not the superior of the old-time fighters.

THE END

SLEDGE-HAMMER CUPID

A SHORT SHORT STORY

by M. E. NICKERSON

READING TIME ⊙ 5 MINUTES 3 SECONDS

MARGE COLBY'S been camping with some man at the old Thatcher cottage down on Morgan's Point for three days," long-distance operator Seven murmured breathlessly into the headset of operator Five on locals. "Old man Colby is fit to be tied."

Sandy-haired Bill Colby was indeed in one of his notorious tantrums. He shouted into the phone. Operator Seven was very sorry. She had no way of telling who had called him. It was a pay station.

Colby banged up the receiver and glared down at Banyan's hot dusty Main Street. The black-and-gold sign of BERT SARGENT—INSURANCE AGENT glinted irritatingly. Bert and Marge had worried him considerably.

The telephone shrilled.

"Oh, hello, Alan. What? Where'd you hear that nonsense? Gossip, man. You love her, don't you? Well, come out there with me, then."

Alan MacKay met him with his own car. He was a tall handsome boy, and his pa had left almost a third of Banyan to his widow. Maybe Alan had some of the old man in him, but he'd been under his ma's thumb for quite a spell.

Colby knew how it felt to be torn with doubt and anxiety about one you loved. It was twenty-one years ago—this very road—he and Jennie Wyatt quarreling over some fool thing that didn't amount to a hill of beans now. But it had sent him in one of his foaming rages to Lewiston and the arms of Amy Rouse. The marriage was his own mistake. Nothing to say against Amy.

She had given him Marge before she died—dear curly-headed little gypsy Marge, with her wild temper so like his own. Jennie had left Banyan when he returned and hadn't come back till a year ago.

Hell popped the day he forbade Jim Bent to see Marge again. Jim was a nice enough chap, but no ambition, and he got only fifteen dollars a week at the bank. Colby had arranged with Barnes to transfer Jim to their Lewiston bank. He breathed more freely when he found out Marge had quarreled violently with Jim before he left.

Next Bert Sargent began to wear out the front steps. Colby didn't trust *him* farther than he could throw a piano left-handed. There'd been another display of fireworks when he drove Bert away.

Then Alan MacKay came home from his postgraduate course at Columbia and fell in love with Marge. *There* was a boy with background and money enough to make Marge comfortable, and Marge was nonchalantly throwing it all to the winds with her present escapade. "Going visiting," she'd said.

The car sped through Morgan Village, stopped at the Presbyterian church to pick up the Reverend Mowatt, and plunged along the gravel road to Morgan's Point.

Colby heard Alan's sharp long-drawn breath when the car stopped beside the shack looking down over a small sandy beach. He did a little snorting himself. Jim Bent, six feet of bronzed Adonis in a swimming suit, lay on his stomach, gazing adoringly at Marge.

A startled glance at her father brought her scrambling up the slope. "Listen, dad," she pleaded hurriedly; "we're not married and we didn't plan to run away or anything. It's all my fault. I wanted to make Jim jealous, so I wrote him that I was going to elope with Bert Sargent, and told him to cash the check I'd given Bert for some of that money mamma left me in Barnes's Lewiston branch; and Bert raised the check, and after Jim realized it was raised he followed Bert to get the money back for me somehow and to save me from marrying that—that—and he knocked Bert into a cocked hat. And honest, dad, that's all. Except that it was the beginning of Jim's vacation, so I just came along for company."

Bill Colby turned sharply and gripped Alan MacKay by the arm. "Get in there, my boy," he thundered, "before it's too late! She needs a strong hand."

Alan wiped his perspiring face nervously with a damp handkerchief. "I'm afraid it *is* too late, Mr. Colby. My mother, you know," he said haltingly. "She'd disinherit me if—if—" He backed toward his car, but Bill Colby swung him around unceremoniously.

"I wouldn't have a coward in the Colby line. But you're not going back to do a lot of talking either."

He turned on Jim. "Well, what's *your* idea of responsibility?"

"Dad, you're not even to hint to Jim Bent that he's got to marry me!" Marge stamped her foot. "You'd never give your consent if it wasn't for this—this accident."

"You're darn tootin' I wouldn't. But this means marriage in a town like Banyan, and you know it!" Colby glared at Jim. "How much money you got in the bank?"

Jim flushed. "Six hundred and thirty dollars," he said shortly, "and it'll take me two years to save another four hundred so I can put a first payment on the radio business I'm going to buy in Lewiston; and after that I stand a good chance of starving for a couple of years before it's a going concern, so I can't add a wife to my responsibilities."

"Don't tell me what you can and can't do, Jim Bent! I'll lend you the money for that first payment. Get me? *Lend* it, I said. If you've got enough nerve to quit the bank and get into business, I've got enough nerve to back you. Now step up here."

Jim turned to Marge as Colby bawled at Mr. Mowatt to come up from the beach. "I got a marriage license in Lewiston just in case of emergency with Bert Sargent," he said quietly. "It's up to you."

"It's an emergency, isn't it?" she asked meekly.

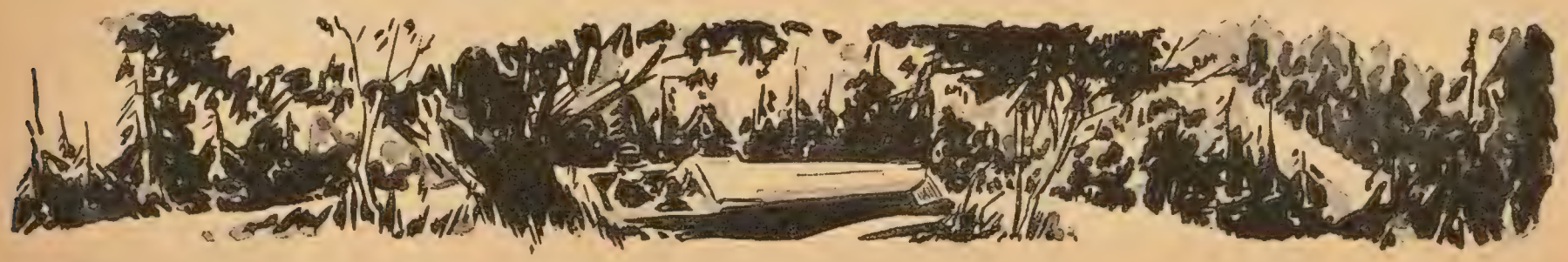
They had hardly been pronounced man and wife when a comfortable middle-aged woman came out of the shack with a satchel in her hand, and kissed the bride and groom, after which she looked speculatively at Bill Colby.

"I wonder if you'd give me a lift back to town, Bill," she said sweetly.

"Jennie Wyatt, have you been here all the time?"

"Every minute! But three days as a camping chaperon is about all I can stand at my age, so I just ran into the village to phone old Cupid Colby. I knew you'd be out here with a sledge hammer and knock that marriage together in a jiffy."

THE END



WHAT'S BEING SAID THIS WEEK?

LAST TWO SENTENCES FOR

$2,000 IN CASH PRIZES

ARE THE SENTENCES YOU WANT HERE? OR CAN YOU THINK OF BETTER ONES?

1. After all, it's only a picture!
2. This will make the boys in the office wild.
3. How can a person hear with all that noise?
4. Do you think this is a picnic?
5. Have you ever been swordfishing?
6. Sometimes I strongly favor execution.
7. I'll never forget those hours at Vimy Ridge.
8. Let it never be said I failed when called on!

FIRST PRIZE	$500
SECOND PRIZE	200
THIRD PRIZE	100
TWENTY PRIZES, each $10	200
200 PRIZES, each $5	1,000

HERE are the last two drawings in this conversation series. When you have selected appropriate sentences your set of twenty captioned contest drawings will be complete. It is now a matter of the presentation of your entry for consideration by the judges.

In preparing your presentation keep simplicity ever in mind. Do not spend time and money on elaboration. Arrange your material neatly, so that the judges will find each sentence easy to locate and read. No entries will be returned. That removes any reason whatever for sending in a bit of fancywork. Emphasis is made on this point because in every contest we get some entries that self-evidently have cost their authors far in excess of any possible value.

Prizes will be awarded according to the customary method as outlined in Rule 3 of this contest.

Awards in this contest will be announced in the first available issue of Liberty. Watch for the big news.

THE RULES

1. Each week for ten weeks Liberty will publish two contest drawings together with a list of suggested conversational sentences, any one of which might be used as a caption.

2. To compete, clip or copy each drawing and under it write what you think one of the characters is saying. Use one of the suggested sentences, or if you can invent one which to your mind is more apt, use that.

3. Prizes will be paid for the neatest complete sets of twenty drawings captioned with the most appropriate sentences as follows: First Prize, $500; Second Prize, $200; Third Prize, $100; Twenty Prizes, each $10; 200 Prizes, each $5. In the event of ties, duplicate awards will be paid.

4. Do not send in incomplete sets. When you have twenty drawings captioned, mail your entry to CONVERSATION CONTEST, Liberty Weekly, P. O. Box 556, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y.

5. All entries must be received on or before Wednesday, May 15, 1935.

6. No correspondence can be entered into with any contestant. No entries will be returned. By entering you agree to accept the decisions of the judges as final. Any one may compete except employees of Macfadden Publications and members of their families.

A NEW AND INTERESTING CASH PRIZE GAME NEXT WEEK!

Clinging to the Past, Dismayed by the Future, Trying to Make Love Live Again. . . . Now the Heroine of This Penetrating Novel Confronts as Strange a Situation as You Will Find in Modern Fiction ●

By WALLACE IRWIN

ILLUSTRATION BY HUBERT MATHIEU

READING TIME ● 25 MINUTES 25 SECONDS

PART NINE—"I'M NOT A MORAL WOMAN"

● "STOP it! Let me go!" It was little more than a whisper, but curiously enough he released her.

"Kirk," she began coldly, "if you're going to start that again I'll—"

"Good God, Frieda, didn't you say—"

"I didn't mean that, Kirk. Stop being silly."

"You said you'd stay with me, didn't you?" A puzzled boy now, pouting.

"You know I didn't mean—that."

"What do you mean, ever? First one thing, then another. I don't get you, Freed."

"Then take me home."

"No. It's too late." He looked at her, and she saw the tears in his eyes. "Can't you be good to me—after all this time—can't you?"

"Not tonight, Kirk." She held up her hands, erasing him from her sight. "You're decent, Kirk, aren't you?"

This had an effect on him. He was very quiet when he said, "Sure I'm decent. That's the trouble with me, I guess. Want to go to bed?"

"Yes, I'd like to."

"Better take the room over there. You'll find some bedding in the chest."

"Thank you, Kirk. Good night."

She hurried, afraid he'd follow her. But he had shuffled over to the fire and stood with his back toward her. Hastily she snatched up a box of matches. She closed the door and shot the bolt before she lit the lamp beside the redwood bunk.

So that's what he was thinking all the time, she said to herself, getting

into bed. What Ned thinks of me, too. Today, when we went over that little river, I crossed the line. Listen. It's roaring now. I can't go back. I'm gone—I'm lost! . . .

Next morning she woke when the green forest daylight flooded across her bed. Half asleep she saw it, and thought at first that she was back in her bedroom, jade curtains and Chinese pictures and Ned to open the door and kiss her before he went down to his office. Then she saw the redwood boards, the homemade washstand, the cobwebby windows. I've crossed the creek, she thought, just as she had thought when she went to sleep last night.

She smelled coffee and decided that Kirk was up.

When she went out to the porch she found a table with plates and cups and a big coffeepot on it. Kirk, in logger's boots and a rough plaid shirt, came stamping up the steps, looking the part of a young frontiersman. His grin was sheepish but it was wholesome. She was glad of that.

"How'd you sleep?" he asked.

"Fine."

"Hope you don't get tired of the grub. I found some sort of patent toast in the box, and I've warmed that up. Hacked off a couple of slices of ham, too."

"You're a dear. Get me up early after this and I'll help with the breakfast."

"After this?" His voice seemed to flame up like his hair. "Are you going to stay here, Frieda?"

A knock sounded somewhere. Kirk sprang up, his hair bristling like an angry dog's. She stood listening, full of fear, crazily wishing that it would be Ned.

made her Bed

"Yes — if you'll let me and—"

"Not going back to Ned?"

"I don't think so."

"Then you're going to stay with me."

"Not the way you think, Kirk."

"Gosh, Frieda, I don't get you!" Beginning to sulk again.

"You don't need to." Then she said rapidly, "I'm only asking you to let me stay here for a while, till I—think something over."

"Think me over, you mean?" he suggested.

"Kirk, you're very nice, but you've got to stop that."

"You're tired of Ned—you know you are," he broke in passionately. "And I don't blame you. Why don't you let him divorce you—"

"Then I can't stay here. There's a hotel up on the mountain. Will you take me there?"

"Please, Freed. Please! Of course I want you here. I want you all the time." He rose to pour her another cup of coffee. "But just the same I don't get you."

He never would get her. That she knew as the days went by. Frieda, living like a pioneer woman, cleaning the windows with what rags she could find, straining her ingenuity to make his meals more palatable and his cabin more tidy, knew that she could live with him till she died and he never would get her. His room was so close to hers and the walls so thin that she could hear him turning over in bed. But they were apart, farther apart now than if they had never met. She wondered often why he stayed on. She stayed on, she knew, because she could not think of anywhere to go.

But the cloistered monotony was having its effect, too. Her separation from Ned had been a shock—something like the pain of death. She preferred to think of him as dead, as being taken from her by some accident, no fault of his or hers. She schooled her memory to bring back his gay companionship, his thoughtfulness for her, his appreciation of the things she loved. That pale slave driver who had entered the North Beach house to crack a whip at her, to bully her into submission—that was some stranger who had drained Ned's blood and put on his clothing.

When had Ned begun to sicken and die? Was it when he took the great building to his heart and allowed it to become his mistress? Was it when the infatuation held him so that he came back to his wife with all his passion drained away? Sylvia sucking his blood!

She was glad when Kirk drove down the road to a Portuguese store. But when he came back with bread and vegetables and milk, and fresh meat occasionally, she wasn't sorry to see him return. She was growing afraid of her lonely thoughts.

Once when he swung back into his oft-repeated formula, "But I don't get you, Freed; you must like me some or you wouldn't be here, would you?" she found herself studying herself and him, carefully, dispassionately. I don't want to be in his arms again, she thought. I couldn't hold out, the way I did. I'm not a moral woman, or I wouldn't have come here at all.

Only once she caught the back of her mind weighing Kirk as a man. He was a splendid animal, and he was kind. Some girl, the right girl, should have him. . . . Ned had been hateful about the only thing in the world she really wanted. . . .

Evenings in the cabin were the hardest to get through. They drank too much coffee, now that the beer had run out, and it kept her awake so that she would have preferred to sit by the fire until she was sleepy. Then Kirk, stretched on a blanket by the blaze, would begin again: "But I don't get you, Frieda." This was a signal for her to yawn and mention bedtime. She always latched her door. Once she saw him getting up to follow her in. But she shut the door in time. She banged it. And the bang was like a shot.

But the big lock couldn't keep out a dream. It came to her twice and left her sitting up, sweaty-cold, wakened by the idiotic sound of her own scared voice. Sylvia, a woman come to life, stalked down the hill, trailing robes of marble. Her eyes were beautiful blue windows, her crown was stone. She was lovely, she was hideous. Her mouth was open, and Ned, silly and infatuated, was walking in. The mouth closed as Frieda reached out for him. Sylvia's lips were stained with blood.

This nightmare made Frieda afraid of sleep. She made excuses to sit up. More hours with Kirk's stubborn pleading! Then there came the evening when fate seemed to close in on her and she had to do something about Kirk. They had been here a week, perhaps; she had stopped trying to keep count of the days.

He had been down to the store in the car, longer than usual, and when he came home for supper he was dripping wet.

"Oh, nothing's happened," he said. "Trying to haul some rocks out of the creek, that's all. Anyhow, we won't catch cold."

From his hip pocket he brought a pint flask and held it lovingly in his palm.

"Where'd you raise that?"—looking up from the ham she was broiling.

"Village store. They've got it, if you know how."

"Kirk, we don't take that unless we're dancing."

"All right; we'll dance." He poured some liquor in two glasses, added some creek water, and held hers out to her. She hadn't wanted the drink; hadn't wanted Kirk to start drinking, alone with her up here. But after she had raised her glass with a good-natured "Here's how," and had taken half of it, she began to feel the pleasant trickle of whisky, warming her through. She began to realize why lonely women sometimes take to drink. It stops your thinking apparatus. And she oughtn't to be harsh with Kirk any more. He'd been so kind, in his own fool way.

"How about dancing?" she laughed.

WHAT HAS

YOUNG Frieda Leslie has married Ned Pierson, middle-aged San Francisco architect, and has become the stepmother of his two children: Doris, a divorcee whom Frieda induces to marry Joe Wirth, dependable son of a rich Los Angeles family; and Artie, who gratefully resumes his college career after she helps him out of a gambling jam.

To marry Ned, Frieda has jilted Kirk Bailey, young sportsman. Conscious that his young wife is being neglected as he plunges into the work of building Sylvia Center, a building-memorial to his dead wife, Ned urges her to find her own pleasure without him. As time passes Frieda finds herself frequently thrown into the company of Kirk, who vows he still loves her.

Meanwhile, Doris's announcement that she is to have a child brings from Ned an expression of his reluctance to give Frieda a baby—her one secret desire. Gently he explains his

"Come on." He finished his glass, held out his arms.

She set the frying pan on a square stone by the fire, and they danced. Kirk made his own music, whistling "Over—somebody else's—shoulder—I fell in love—with you." He was nice this way. He was best after he'd had a drink—after they'd both had one. And dancing.

Finally, after some more whistling and dancing, she served the supper. It was jolly now. Kirk poured a little more rye into her glass. They got up and danced again, pretending it was the Abalone. But after they had finished eating and washed the dishes, whistling still, they settled down before the fire. It wasn't fun to dance any more. The room grew quiet and threatening.

"Gosh, my drink's died on me." Kirk pulled out the flask.

"No more for me," she said.

"Not a little one?"

"No. I've had plenty."

Sullenly he poured three fingers of whisky, added a little water, drank it down. His glass banged the table like a chairman's gavel.

GONE BEFORE

fear that another child would be just another disappointment to him. To counteract this disillusionment, Frieda eagerly grasps at every opportunity Kirk makes to entertain her. But wagging gossip tongues soon reach Ned's ears and he flatly tells his young wife that he does not want her to see Kirk again.

Incensed over Ned's apparent mistrust, Frieda threatens to leave him, and then defiantly makes another date with Kirk.

After cocktails at a roadhouse she accepts his invitation to accompany him to his mountain cabin. Shortly after their arrival there a heavy rain blocks any chances of an immediate return. Yet, early in the evening, when the weather clears sufficiently, Frieda startles Kirk with her wish to spend the night in the cabin. Passionately he gathers her into his arms.

"Frieda," he said, "I think it ought to come to a showdown."

"I think so too. We ought to talk everything out. This sort of thing can't go on forever."

"No, it can't." She was on the blanket before the fire. He was on the bench, huddling over her.

"Kirk, I've quarreled with Ned. We've had an awful row. I guess you know that."

"Well, it looks like it."

"I didn't come here just because—well, what you seem to think." He sat there, silent, his shoulders drooping, his head hanging below his vigorous neck. "You know about the rain, how it held us up. I was afraid to go home. Ned was horrible about my coming home with you and having that party the other night—"

"Then it wasn't me at all—just anybody. You wanted to get away. Is that it?"

"I'd rather go with you than anybody else, Kirk." Because he was silent again, she reached for her empty glass. "I've changed my mind about the drink. Just a tiny short one."

"You change your mind a lot, don't you?"—sullenly, pouring the liquor, adding water.

"I have to, Kirk. I've taken all the wrong turns. I think I'll have to go back and face the music."

"No. You won't go back now!" What was this? Kirk, his square Hawaiian teeth bare, crouching over her. "You've fooled along with me—you don't know what you want. Well, I do!"

"Kirk, let go of me!"

But his big fingers held to her wrists like hard wrenches.

"You've played me for a sucker long enough. A stool pigeon for you and Ned to shoot over. God, what am I doing?" He let go her wrists and sank miserably back on the bench. "What on earth did you bring me here for? This isn't playing fair."

"It's fair to me," she told him. "And it's fair to Ned."

"*Is* it fair to you?" Softer still, almost reasonably. "It wasn't your fault or mine that you got into this mess. But you're in it now, aren't you? Probably all San Francisco's talking about it. The papers must be full of it. You left your husband. You ran off with Kirk Bailey. That's what you'll get for this, Freed, and nothing else."

"Let them talk. I'll know it isn't so."

"What good'll that do?" He lifted his glass, saw it was empty, set it down again. "And if you want to be fair to me, here's my side of it. This scandal's going to break all over the Coast. I've told you what my mother thinks about such things. She won't forgive me."

Mrs. Bailey, moral reformer and family cashier.

"Yes, it's ruined us all, the three of us," she said bitterly. "I've ruined—"

"Don't think about me."

But she was thinking about him. Poor Kirk, giving everything, getting nothing back. Ruined, like the rest of them.

He sank on his knees beside her and lifted her head so that it was level with his. She wasn't resisting him now—only looking straight into his eyes.

"You've started them talking, Freed. They won't stop. They think we've done everything. Why shouldn't we? Why should we miss that—what we both want?"

Clearly, shockingly spoken into her ear. He was terrible. But she wouldn't give in to him—ever. She opened her mouth, and what did she say? "Ned!" It must have been a nightmare call, for Kirk didn't check the flow of his half-articulate pleading. Now was the time. Now was the time. The repetition beat into her, clouded her senses. His passion swept over her like a great wind. Something seemed to crack and give way: that which she had held to all her life.

I haven't any morals. I haven't any— His hands were under her back, lifting her from the floor. . . .

It was the feeling of his power, perhaps, that brought her back to her senses. He was just strength to her, nothing else; an animal to be tamed. Still in his arms, her eyes on a level with his unreasoning stare, she wasn't afraid of him any more, only annoyed, wanting to be let go.

"Put me down now," she said coldly.

"My God," he was gibbering on, "what for? What do you want?"

"To be put down."

"All right." He set her down rather roughly. "If you've brought me here to tease me, to make a monkey out of me."

He sat sullenly on the bench. She took a chair across the fireplace from him. And now she was beginning to feel the embarrassment—yes, and something of the humor—of the situation.

It was half an hour later, no sound coming from the men's room. Frieda and Doris were sitting up in bed, smoking. They had been talking along but they hadn't said much. Only a burble of Doris's original patter about the baby and the predetermination of sex; rather touching now, and rather sweet.

Then Doris said, stubbing her cigarette on the pie pan she held between her knees, "Have you left dad? Really left him, Freed?" The pupils of her eyes were large and black.

"What makes you think that?" Blankly.

"Well, bunking in the same room with Gary Cooper, as it were, and eating off the same plate."

They gazed at each other, these two girls, so different in their approach to life. Doris's impertinence lacked sting. Her face was very gentle as she put her hand on Frieda's arm. The glassy bracelets, which she never took off, clinked reminiscently.

"DON'T get sore at me, Freed. But I want to tell you. Joe and I didn't just trip and fall over this camp. I guess you know that."

"Why did you come, then?" asked Frieda, suddenly hostile toward the girl who had always been a trickster.

"Freed dear, listen." Doris's eyes were strangely bright, holding her. "I—I had to make it up to you. I'm to blame, Freed. Horribly to blame."

"Nobody's to blame—we're all to blame!"

"No, Freed. It's me. I knew that Kirk would be at that damned April Fool party. I thought it would be fun for you to see him again. You needed to go on a spree, darling. That's the way you looked to me. But I didn't think it was going to turn out—my God!—this way."

There was a spell of silence, the little hand never relenting its fierce hold on Frieda's arm. It was the way you hold a suicide from plunging.

"About dad—" began Doris at last.

"I don't want to hear about him" —looking away.

"Then hear about me, Freed. And about you. Darling, don't go around thinking I don't understand about you. I'm no Easter lily. I've grabbed men right and left. But now—now I wish—I hadn't."

The queer little voice was breaking, so that Frieda took her in her arms. Doris was just a baby. A baby going to become a mother.

"I've acted like a stinker, Freed. I was rotten to you, the day I was married. I didn't know what I was doing, I guess. I was all churned up. I had to bite somebody."

"I know that feeling, Doris."

"And all that time you were legging around, working like a dog to make me happy. Because I am happy, Freed. Joe's made me that way. And the baby."

"I'm so glad, Doris. So glad!"

Paying no attention to the tears that ran around her funny little nose, Doris was rattling on: "I've put poor dad through a meat grinder. I knew

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THE CHOCOLATED LAXATIVE

I was doing it, even when I was so damn wild. But I couldn't stop. I don't know how he stood me so long, Freed. He was wonderful. Wonderful about that Hollywood stooge, and the way I've acted since I canned him. Dad gets that way—you know. We're all crazy, I guess."

Doris sat very still, staring down at her bracelets. Frieda had never seen her sit so still. Suddenly she looked up keenly and asked:

"Freed, what's happened between you and Kirk? Everything? You know what I mean."

"No. Nothing."

"You're not lying to me? Aren't you human? Alone for a week with a perfectly adorably destructive man—and nothing's happened?"

Frieda shook her head. Then suddenly, "How do you know I've been here for a week?"

"We've been all over these woods, Joe and I. The other day I saw somebody come out of the grocery, and I was pretty sure it was Kirk. We yelled at him, but he was in his car, stepping on it. That was the day dad wired me."

"Have you seen him?"

"Yes, I saw him."

"What did he want to—"

"He didn't know what he wanted—only somebody near him, to talk to. Funny he should have picked me out." Doris's voice cracked again, almost breaking. "He's gone perfectly wild—wild—"

"Oh, Doris! What's he going—"

"He's not noisy wild, Freed, the way he gets with me. He's like—like somebody buried—buried and talking—"

"Don't, please—"

"But that's how he is. He talked about a divorce, sort of wandering. He wanted Joe's advice, confidential. Pop isn't going to mess things up for you any more than he has to. Isn't that straight shooting, Freed?"

YES. Straight shooting. "Did you tell him you saw Kirk here?"

"Uh-*uh!*" Pink curls shaking earnestly. "But he had found out that you were with Kirk at the Abalone that day, and that you left with him. Then I saw how it was, plain as two and two make five. It was Joe's idea to come back here and barge in on you with that bedtime story. Joe's smart, you know. Really he is, I mean."

"Your father didn't send you here to see me?"

"How could he, when he didn't know where you were?"

"I'm glad you came, dear," said Frieda softly. "It helps me a lot to see you like this. But that's all it does. That's all!"

"And you're not going back to him?"

"I?" A bitter laugh. "Why should I go back?" Coldly remembering his punishing, accusing eyes. The last she had seen of Ned. Hating her. She snuggled deeper into the bed and pulled the blankets higher.

"Why not?" Doris was persisting. "You can come clean. Who knows about this party? Nobody, practically. Kirk's so scared of his momma that he won't peep, I bet your boots. Dad's holding the husher down with both hands. Who's left to squeal? You and I and Joe. Fat chance they'll have to pry anything out of *us*."

"You're very sweet," said Frieda wanly.

"No, I'm not. Anything but. Only this—" The little mouth began to tremble again; Doris drew in her red lips to make them firm. "Only this. Artie's been bad enough, God knows. But the women, Freed—the ones he put all his blue chips on— Even mother. And then me. And now it's you, Freed." She took her by the shoulders and looked down at her with Ned's eyes. "But you're going to mush right back, aren't you?"

"I WISH you'd understand."

"Hell, I understand enough to know that *you* can talk him into anything, if you'll take off your high hat. That goes for both of you. A dose of humble pie won't hurt you."

Frieda lay back. "I've got to think," she said wearily.

"Think?" Doris's little teeth were grinding, her face a flame, as she crouched over Frieda, shaking her. "You fool. You damned fool! You've had plenty of time to think up here—unless you've been lying to me about Kirk. Unless you're so crazy about Kirk that you can't see dad any more. Is that it? Well, if it isn't, you've got to go back to him right away. And I don't mean maybe."

"Why?" Still in the dream-held voice.

"Because, I tell you, he's gone wild! He's packing up, stepping out of the picture, junking the whole works—"

"Not Sylvia!"

"He doesn't want to hear of the damned building again—that's how he talks. It's out. Yes, and dad's out."

Frieda asked, "Where's he going?"

"God knows. But he's on his way. Freed, men don't talk like that unless—"

"Please—please!"

Frieda's pitiful look was reflected in Doris's amber eyes. She touched her baby mouth to Frieda's cheek and said softly, "Think it over, if you have to, dear. But I'm telling you."

Then she blew out the lamp and turned her face to the wall.

Frieda's stare was dry as salt, looking into blackness. On the chair beside her bed she could see the radium face of her wrist watch, a little round conscience, pointing a quarter of three.

What happens now? Does Frieda heed Doris's advice and return to Ned? Does Sylvia Center collapse, a dream bubble abandoned by its creator? Next week's installment brings the climax and the end to this amazing tangle of frustrated love and its bewildering offshoots.

GOOD BOOKS—by Oliver Swift

★ ★ ★ **WHERE NOTHING EVER HAPPENS** by Lee Shippey. Houghton Mifflin Company.
The author, who has seen the big world outside, finds all of life and love and hope and tragedy just outside his door in his own small town.

★ ★ ★ **THE BLACK CONSUL** by Anatolii Vinogradov. The Viking Press.
A story of the French Revolution as it affected the island of Haiti. This story has been often told in the last few years, but here is a splendid portrait of one of the great historic figures of the black race.

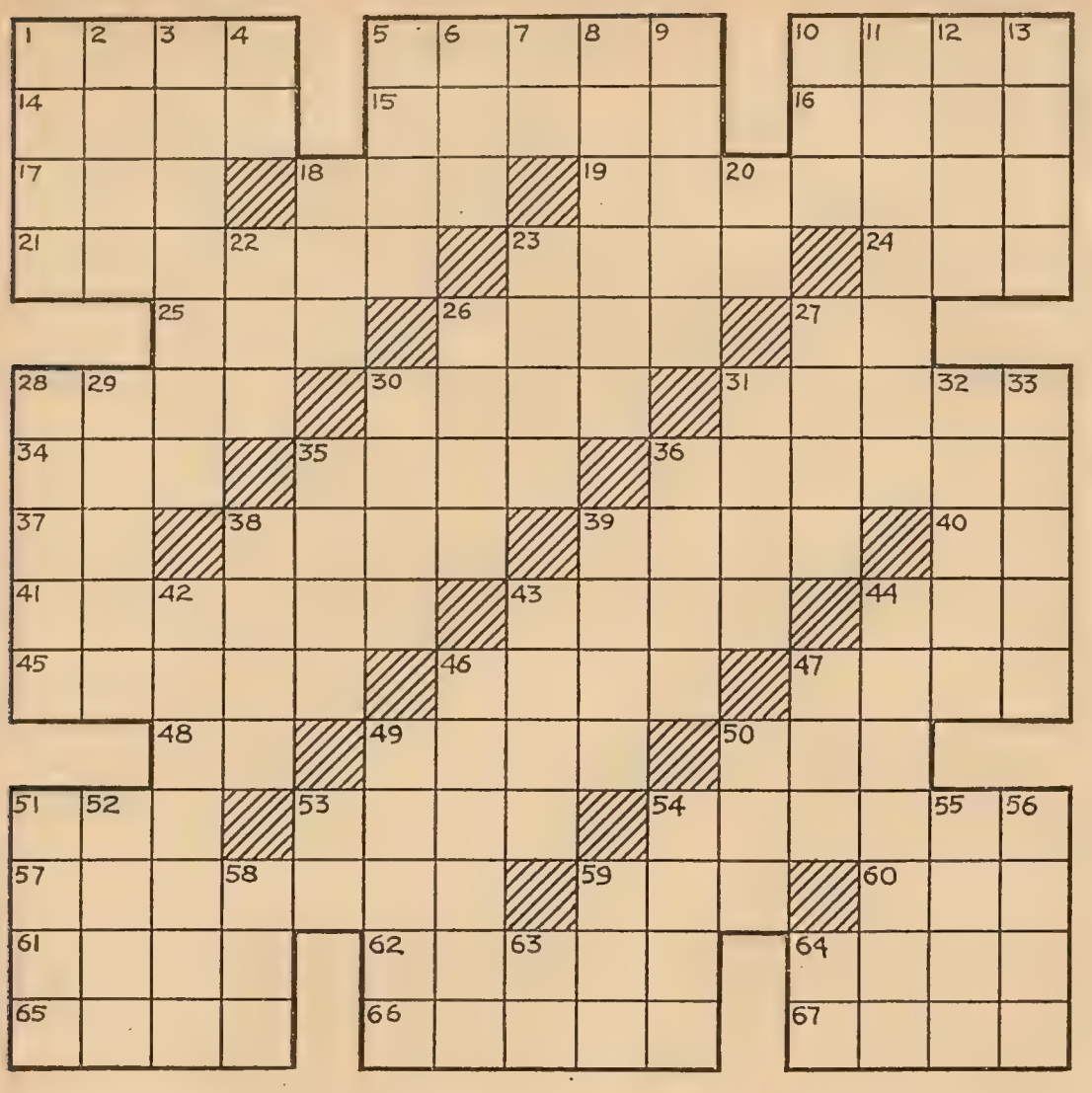
★ ★ ★ **MILTON** by Hilaire Belloc. J. B. Lippincott Company.
That insatiable biographer, Hilaire Belloc, here tackles Milton and analyzes him convincingly.

★ ★ ★ **MEN OF TURMOIL.** Minton, Balch & Co.
Thirty-seven authors contribute brief but competent biographies of thirty-seven outstanding figures in world affairs.

★ ★ ½ **THE THIRD OMNIBUS OF CRIME** edited by Dorothy L. Sayers. Coward-McCann, Inc.
How to keep awake. Eight hundred and eight pages of the world's best tales of detection, mystery, and horror.

★ ★ **ERNESTINE TAKES OVER** by Walter Brooks. William Morrow & Co.
Dangerous daydreams of a lovely woman materialize, complicating an American business man's relations with his wife and employer. He just imagined Ernestine—and you can't imagine what a lot of trouble he got into when she took form. Ernestine's form was excellent.

CROSS WORDS



HORIZONTAL

1 Part of a window
5 Another part of a window (plural)
10 Short, bulblike stem (botany)
14 Suffix used in mineralogy
15 Positive terminal of an electric source
16 Superficial contents of any figure (geom.)
17 American author
18 A disease of sheep
19 Pertaining to Persia
21 Small brush used by artists
23 To reach or touch with an end
24 Artfully cunning
25 A pavior's mallet
26 Apparatus by which a ship is steered
27 Act
28 A genus of liliaceous plants.
30 Unquestioning
31 Any of various marine shells
34 Remote
35 A game of cards
36 Titular character in a Defoe novel
37 Prefix meaning not
38 Semiprecious stone
39 Lacking in the comforts of life
40 Within
41 Tool for enlarging or shaping a hole
43 Cleansing agent
44 Section of a circle
45 Moved forward gradually

PIKERS CRASHERS
RAISIN AUNTS EH
E NANA LINE SMA
TS UKRAINE SLAV
ZAP SERBS STAKE
EBEN SME AIRMEN
LORES ORANGE
STUTTER BANANAS
TEASES SKATE
DOLLAR LEG SILL
ARIEL MINOS LAT
SIMS SEXTANT SZ
HOE PERI TEAS E
EL CHAIR EERIER
DENTISTS ERASES

Answer to last week's puzzle

46 Haze; fog
47 To move upward
48 Adjective suffix
49 A coin
50 Yellow ocher
51 Feminine personal name
53 Corn bread
54 Pluckiest
57 Island off Morocco
59 Without
60 A deer
61 A genus of European plants
62 Representative
64 Small short-billed rail
65 Thighs of any animal prepared for food
66 Light cotton fabric (pl.)
67 Units

VERTICAL

1 A light blow
2 An assistant
3 Any person having a powerful voice
4 Personal pronoun
5 A receptacle
6 Moreover
7 Not
8 Fit to be eaten
9 The whey of milk
10 To be able to do
11 Supplications
12 Genuine
13 Various
18 To gut, as fish
20 By
22 Any catchword
23 Combining form: air
26 The frame or body of a vessel
27 Sour
28 Burning
29 Crippled
30 To mount on wings
31 A riding whip
32 Cordage made from coconut fiber (plural)
33 Therefore
35 Hastened
36 A garment
38 A Hebrew measure
39 A place at which troops are stationed
42 A thing to be done
43 Trigonometrical ratio
44 Part of an airplane
46 A household
47 Margin
49 Shade of red
50 Perched
51 Oriental servant
52 City in Japan
53 Greek letter
54 Intestines
55 Annoyed (slang)
56 Social affairs
58 Printer's measure (pl)
59 Biblical name
63 Measure of type
64 Thus

The answer to this puzzle will appear in next week's issue

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23	1140	36	786
24	1112	37	759
25	1085	38	734
26	1057	39	708
27	1030	40	682
28	1003	41	657
29	976	42	632
30	948	43	607
31	921	44	583
32	894	45	559
33	866		

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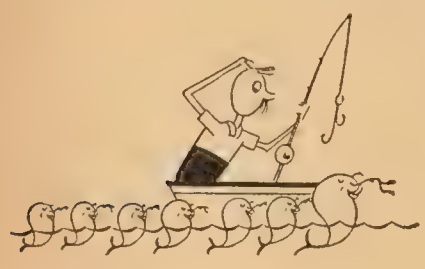
Vox Pop

SEASON'S FIRST FISH STORY

SMITHTOWN BRANCH, N. Y.—I wonder if there's such a thing as prenatal influence among fish?

In 1933 I hooked a large bass; but just as I got it near the boat it lunged, broke the leader, and swam away with hook and leader in its mouth.



In July, 1934, I was fishing in the same lake and was watching a school of fish in the clear water, when I saw the same big bass swim by, with the hook and part of the leader still in its mouth. But what astounded me most was six or seven little fish swimming behind the mother bass, each with a rusty hook and a worn leader in its mouth!—*Larry Deutzman.*

TENDER MEMORIES

SAN FRANCISCO, CALIF.—I consider The Kiss, by James Hopper, in March 16 Liberty, the greatest short story I have read in twenty-five years.

I did a hitch "over there" myself, and probably that explains why I understood the tender message the story conveyed. It also probably explains why, after reading it, I suddenly found it necessary to mop these old gray eyes a bit.—*Addison N. Clark.*

FOR LETTER OR VERSE

SPRING VALLEY, N. Y.—Why not further Liberty's interesting pages by starting a Poets' Corner? I feel sure there are many young and aspiring poets, like myself, who would be only too glad to contribute for its maintenance.—*William Friscino.*

MILE-A-MINUTE CAMELS

LONDON, ENGLAND—Many readers have taken me to task for a statement regarding the speed of camels in Hell Riders, in last December 22 Liberty. I am accused of describing them as traveling sixty miles an hour. I did not. But the readers inferred as much.

The camels in question left the main body of the patrol and made a detour of sixty miles to find hashish smugglers. It was while they were searching for this hashish that a character named Bain made the remark: "It'll be dark in an hour." And in the next column is the statement: "By sunset we were back at the spot where we had left the Skipper."

The inference is that the camels had covered those sixty miles in the hour mentioned by Bain. But Bain spoke as men are apt to speak in a desperate race against time—loosely and with some exaggeration. I thought that was understood and I am afraid I did not credit readers with such mathematical precision.

Arabian camels are the swiftest in the world. They can do a trot at twenty-one miles an hour, canter at twenty-five, and gallop at between thirty and thirty-five miles an hour. I hope this clears up the position.—*W. J. Blackledge, Author of Hell Riders.*

GABBING OVER GARBO

ST. PAUL, MINN.—Apparently J. M. Burdell takes it for granted that we are all Garbo fans. In his March 23 Vox Pop letter he says we would all be lost without her. Well, I'll tell the world that I am not a Garbo fan and never will be. In my opinion, that chasm Garbo is supposed to fill has been occupied for many months by the one and only Hepburn.—*L. B. Clark.*

WACO, TEX.—I'd rather see my name in print than see Garbo fill a chasm. How about it?—*George Cotton Robinson.*

MILWAUKEE, WIS.—I heartily agree with J. M. Burdell's statement about our beautiful Greta. She has everything so few of the rest have and she lives a life that everybody doesn't have a chance to nose into.—*Mrs. P. E. Berg.*

A MYSTERY PARTLY EXPLAINED

SEATTLE, WASH.—In a recent issue of Columns, University of Washington humor magazine, we published a story titled Let the Dead Past— It was almost word for word the same as the story with the same title written by Louis Arthur Cunningham which you ran in the December 22, 1934, Liberty.

The manuscript of the story came into the hands of Bill Ashton, who wrote for Columns, in November. It was sent him by a friend, Paul Mudd of Washington, D. C., with whom Bill sometimes exchanges manuscripts. Bill supposed Paul was the author. The understanding between them is that either may use material sent him by the other as he sees fit. Where Paul got hold of the manuscript of your story, I don't know.

I read the story last November when Bill used it for a literature class, and when I was made editor of Columns last month asked him if I could run it. He assented. I had not then seen the story in Liberty, nor did I know it had ever appeared elsewhere.

The next issue of our magazine will carry an apology to you and we hope you will understand our position in this matter.—*Hugh A. Scott, Editor of Columns Magazine.*

PARLOR, BEDLAM, AND WRATH

DETROIT, MICH.—In March 16 Vox Pop Mrs. Annie Smith suggests a nine-o'clock curfew law for unescorted women and includes a prison sentence as punishment for its violation. This is far too easily evaded.

Pass a curfew law as proposed, and provide as punishment a good spanking publicly administered by an officer of the law at the place of the violation.—*George Morgan.*

RICHMOND, VA.—I've often wondered if women like Annie Smith were born babies or whether the stork just picked up some full-grown horse's neck by mistake.—*Twenty-one.*

SAN FRANCISCO, CALIF.—Annie Smith may think she would be revenged if she could pass the nine-o'clock law, but, on the contrary, she would be playing into the male hand. He would rather court in mama's parlor. Ask any man. Or, if you can get one to talk, ask any sofa. The sofa is the only one that would admit the truth anyway. It would tell you that more women have gone wrong at home than in public places, where there are always dozens of critical eyes focused on them—and so many other things to do.—*A. C.*

[Other Vox Poppers who wrote in answer to Mrs. Smith's letter included: Mrs. Violet Hudgins, Norfolk, Va.; Leone Weeks, Long Island City, N. Y.; A Working Widow, Detroit, Mich.; Harriet F. Ayres, Boise, Ida.; Challenger of Individual Rights, Elko, Nev.; Muriel P. Gaunt, New Orleans, La.; Mary M. Howell, Kilgore, Tex.; Young and Disillusioned, Hartford, Conn.; Mrs. F. C. Allen, Los Angeles, Calif.; O. B. W., Marion, Ind.; L. M., Greggton, Tex.; and others. That ought to put Annie in her place.—VOX POP EDITOR.]

FORD'S HIGH-WAGE POLICY

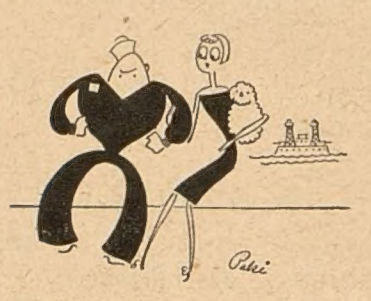
NEW YORK, N. Y.—Recently I wrote Mr. Henry Ford regarding his attitude on the question of wages in industry. I submit the following excerpt from his

reply as evidence of his belief that high wages are indispensable to recovery:

"I believe that wages will continue to go higher not as a result of politics but as the result of the kind of management that will enable men to earn more."—*Matthew Woll, Third Vice-President, American Federation of Labor.*

FLEET'S IN AGAIN

SEATTLE, WASH.—In March 16 Vox Pop a discussion of peewee sailors is



summed up by Three Gobs of the U. S. S. Maryland with the assumption that Faye Morgan mistook Coast Guardsmen for sailors in her fruitless quest for he-men in the modern navy.

The Three Gobs should be advised that there are 10,000 more sailors in the Coast Guard than there are in the navy. The reason for this is that there are only 10,000 men in the Coast Guard.—*Four Sailors, U. S. S. Atalanta, C. G.*

SAN DIEGO, CALIF.—Leathernecks are misnamed. It should have been leatherheads. They should be offered to needy housewives to do the chores around the house. Send two dozen soap coupons to any marine base and get yourself a leatherhead.—*G. S. Austin, U. S. Navy.*

WHITE-LIVERED CAKE-EATERS

CANTON, OHIO—If we were to satisfy every long-faced, water-blooded, spying prohibitionist, reformer, capitalist, and pacifist in the country, we would have to burn all of the Constitution except the Eighteenth Amendment; give the thirteen original colonies back to England; give the Louisiana Purchase to France; divide the Western States between Spain and Mexico; give the Philippines, Hawaii, and Alaska to the Japs; discharge the army, navy, and marine corps and use the rifle barrels for jail bars; destroy everything for which our ancestors fought and died and make us a nation of cowardly, cake-eating, white-livered saps.—*James G. Banks.*

HELEN-MORE OF IT!

ATLANTA, GA.—We've had Hell Hounds, Hell Dogs, Hell Divers, Hell's Angels, Passport to Hell, Born to Raise Hell, and Hell in Boots! Hell, Heil, Hail, Hello, and Wotinell!—*Helen Hunter.*

JUST AS ABSURD

MIDDLEBOURNE, W. VA.—It was Horace Greeley who said: "All horse thieves are Democrats, but not all Democrats are horse thieves."

It is just as absurd to say that while some labor unions are very unreasonable, not all labor unions are unreasonable.

I refer to Liberty's March 23 editorial, Enslaving Business—The American Colossus.

America has not enslaved business, but business has become orthodox and unwilling to adjust itself to the advancement of culture and the equality of all mankind.—*C. W. Ehrhardt, Ph.D.*

FRESNO, CALIF.—The American Federation of Labor represents and stands for the rights of the working class. When you campaign against the Federation you campaign against the working class.

But organized labor, like our Christian religion, thrives on persecution.—*S. D. Roush.*

CLEVELAND, OHIO—I want to take this opportunity to express my delight and pleasure in knowing there is still one publisher in the United States who is willing to describe the situation as it really exists.—*George P. Samman.*

INSULTS

NEW YORK, N. Y.—It was the height of impudence and a deep insult to Leon Trotsky to select Jim Davis to answer his If America Should Go Communist, which appeared in March 23 Liberty.

Whether one agrees with Trotsky or not, everybody knows he is a man of the highest culture and education. He is not merely a practical revolutionist and statesman but a deep thinker and philosopher.

And to select a man of the type of the fascistic and reactionary enemy of labor who is unworthy to untie Trotsky's shoes to answer him is not only an insult to Trotsky—it is an insult to all your regular and occasional readers.—*William J. Robinson, M.D.*

PACIFIC GROVE, CALIF.—Leon Trotsky says in the third year of Soviet rule in America we will no longer chew gum. After three years of his plan we would be lucky to have even gum left.—*E.M.D.*

KANSAS CITY, MO.—There is certainly plenty of room for improvement in our national order; but let's make those improvements in our own free American manner, entirely independent of Red Russia!—*Evan Thomas.*

IN THE NAME OF THE QUEEN

ST. JOHN'S, N. F.—Question 14 in Twenty Questions of March 16 Liberty stated: "Newfoundland became a British possession in 1583, when Sir Humphrey Gilbert seized it in the name of the king."

Newfoundland became a British possession when, in 1583, Sir Humphrey Gilbert took possession of the island in the name of *Queen* Elizabeth. This was a formal ceremony, and the spot on which it took place is now marked by a memorial which stands in front of Newfoundland's national war memorial to those who fell in the Great War.—*Vox Popper.*

THANKS—WE'D RATHER HICCUP

MINNEAPOLIS, MINN.—When all other cures for hiccups have failed, try this one. It's not only a sure-fire remedy for hiccups but will relieve all afflictions, worries, and troubles.

I heartily recommend it for some of these harebrained cider squeezers who clutter up Vox Pop with their silly ideas. The treatment is very simple.

Simply put your head under water three times and pull it out twice. Presto! All is cured.—*A. J. Kline.*

"What did you do with the soap, Mike?"

A CORKER!

EAST ORANGE, N. J.—Boy Scout knives, at least the official ones, are not equipped with corkscrews, as Frank Leon Smith mentioned in his Resting Easily, in March 23 Liberty. And I don't think you should mention Boy Scouts along with drinking.—*Norm Hart.*

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IRENE, THE STUBBORN GIRL

A new novel of love and laughs—with the most joyously captivating heroine we venture you ever met

By

Eric Hatch

IS ROOSEVELT LOSING HIS GRIP?

By

Jay Franklin

He still stands high with the people—but what of his hold on Congress? Here's a revealing forecast of the fight to come

Other stories and articles by John Castle Hunt, Kenneth Brown Collings, Elizabeth Troy, Will Irwin, and others

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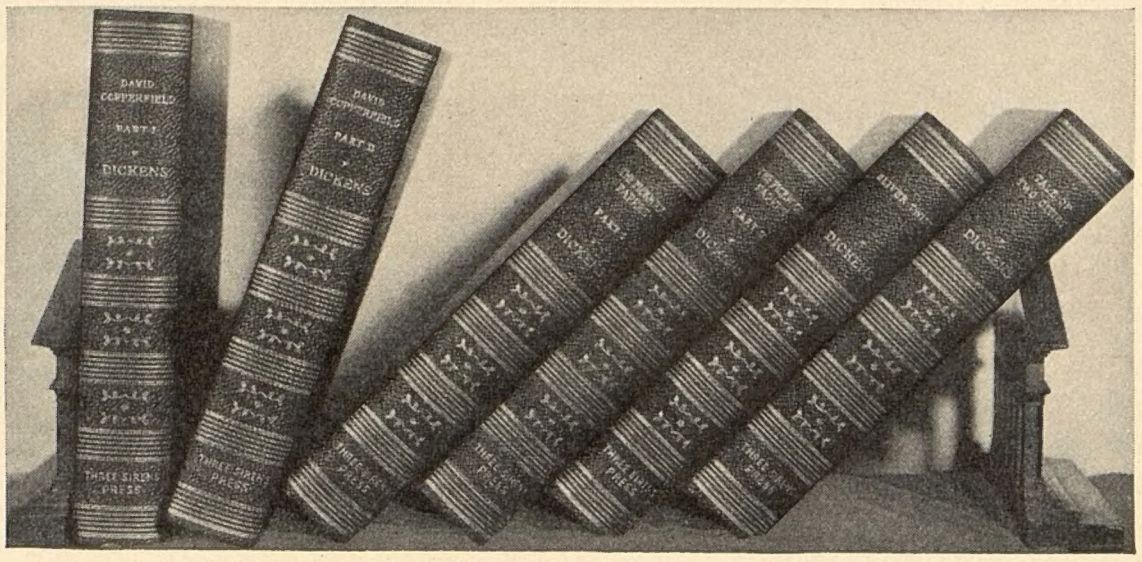

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